

Biography - 1926

Leo Frobenius, Traveler and Thinker

JANUARY 21, 1926

ERLEBTE ERDEILE (Continents Where I Have Lived). I Band, *Ausfahrt*; II Band, *Erschlossene Räume*; III Band, *Vom Schreibtisch zum Äquator*; IV Band, *Vom Völkerstudium zur Philosophie*. Frankfurt am Main: Frankfurter Societäts-Druckerei.

DER KOPF ALS SCHICKSAL (The Brain as Destiny). Munich: Kurt Wolf.

ATLANTIS. Eleven volumes of legends and folk stories. Jena: E. Diederichs.

UND AFRIKA SPRACH (The Voice of Africa). Charlottenburg: Verlag Vita. (English translation, London: Hutchinson & Co.).

BERLIN.

A SURVEY of the works of this comparatively young author, rich as they are in new thoughts and amazing discoveries, inevitably arouses our delighted admiration for the enormous productiveness of his life, wholly consecrated as it is to an "idea." For although Leo Frobenius has traveled through Africa countless times, he is not to be classed among the explorers who, while they collect thousands of individual facts with great diligence and conscientiousness, yet lack the genius for combining the individual cases into one great unity, for finding the essential truth hidden under all the confusing details. Leo Frobenius possesses this genius; it was in his early youth that he had the first inklings of his ideas on the origin and development of all human civilization. As his work progressed and his knowledge became even more thorough he elaborated these ideas. His travels, his prolonged sojourns among the savage tribes of the interior of Africa, were intended to confirm and develop his original views.

He found more than he expected. Quite naturally, his procedure was entirely different from the accepted way of studying ethnology and therefore was the butt of many bitter attacks. For Leo Frobenius is a militant opponent of specialization in science and of the materialism that permeates our European civilization and is the cause of the constant decrease of spirituality in our life.

In Africa, among the dusky children of this widely misjudged continent, which has been open for scientific investigation for only a century, he found the eternal essence of all life in its primordial state. Thence

emanates a light that can illumine our life also. His language knows neither chance nor law, neither analysis nor traditionalism; it is purely metaphysical. Here the visible results from the invisible.

Among the vastly dissimilar tribes of Africa he found all stages of civilization, from the most primitive to highly idealistic God-concepts. Thus he found the confirmation of his idea of civilization as an organism, just as formations of stones, plants and stars are organisms. It depends on locality as well as on time, and the concept of it reaches into metaphysics. Civilization cannot be separated from man—it grows with him, and he grows with it. It is never a matter of chance, but its workings are interlocked everywhere. Like every living organism it passes through birth, maturity and death and is bound to the earth.

He emphasizes constantly that the enormous continent of Africa is not the home of the "black," of the "nigger." The Atlantic, Hamitic and Ethiopian races are essentially and fundamentally different, as are also the cultural cycles ("Kulturkreise") they represent. The word "Kulturkries" has been coined by Leo Frobenius, and has already gained standing as a fixed scientific term.

The migrations that are constantly going on in Africa from east to west are the cause of innumerable displacements and minglings of cultural cycles. We can find only slight traces of some, which are being destroyed in the leveling mill of mechanization. Thus Frobenius says that the generalized notion of "fetichism" is cruelly unjust toward the religious life of the negro. He tells of a pure and chaste religious ceremony of some small negro tribes in the out-of-the-way mountain country of the Sudan—a ceremony resembling the cult of Dionysus, but free of its adjuncts. And he gives surprising facts about the elaborate system of deities in the Jeruba country, the region west of the mouth of the Niger.

On its first appearance, years ago, Frobenius's comprehensive work, "The Voice of Africa," provoked a tempest among students of ethnology. Never before had Africa been viewed from this standpoint. Negro civilization—when its existence, however rudimentary, was conceded at all—had never been connected with the development of general human civilization. People doubted many of

the discoveries of this man who approached the native with no European bias or prejudice of any sort, and therefore was able to penetrate much deeper into their minds than any other explorer before him. And immediately Leo Frobenius was called a temperamental dreamer. Now, however, all this has changed. Since he showed the way his statements have been amply verified by recent discoveries of monumental works of negro art. Indeed, science is turning away from the habit of judging according to purely materialistic principles, and is again seeking metaphysical relationships.

Let me also mention the splendid book with the not very felicitous title "The Brain as Destiny." Here those who do not dare to attempt the explorer's difficult scientific works will find Leo Frobenius the poet, the warm-hearted man whose heart glows with love for the dark-skinned children of Africa. These delicately drawn portraits of bold men and noble women, of kings and beggars, of merchants and courtesans, sound like thrilling, heroic myths of remote antiquity. Powerful smoldering passions, savage and fearless calls of the blood, a demoniacal poetry is breathed forth by these stories.

In 1925 Leo Frobenius published a number of small handy volumes. In a wholly individual manner they combine a condensation of his previous scientific work with the story of the development of his own intellect and ideas. Beginning with the intuitions of early youth he leads us through errors and mistakes, which he admits honestly, and takes us step by step to broader and ever more firm understanding. Thus these little books contain biography, conflicts with opposed views and confirmation by interesting discoveries made during his travels. The fourth volume, which has just appeared, tells clearly and lucidly how ethnology brought Frobenius to a broadly conceived philosophy of human civilization.

But this fourth volume, too, is only a beginning. While the first three form the introduction, so to speak, the present volume commences the presentation of the philosophy of the "Paideuma." This Greek name was chosen by Frobenius because the word "Kultur" is too narrow and might easily be misunderstood. Three further volumes are to carry the development of this philosophy to the "metaphysical panorama."

GABRIELE REUTER.

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This book is a panacea for the troubles in the Church, instructive in Methodist history, touching the entire rise and progress. It is sound in the Methodist doctrine and usages, highly spiritual and a literary treat. No real Methodist should be without it. It comes from the press early in February. Nice paper; neatly bound. Price \$1.50.

"Let My People Go" by a southern white woman, Miss Lillian E. Wood, gives a graphic elucidation in loyalty, READ IT! If you want a thrill, READ IT! The author has beautifully combined each of these factors and has given one of the most captivating stories ever written. Cloth bound, \$1.00.

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A. M. E. BOOK CONCERN

631 Pine Street

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FROM ZONA GALE.

New York, May 18.—“In this book Mr. Pickens has done a triple service. He has collected a new treasure of humor, and he has collected a new treasure of all-American humor; and he has shown that a life of hardship and struggle can burn with sufficient energy to toss off sparks of laughter such as these. One will not tell the stories and will quote his remarkable utterances from the delightful preface: “My Race is the Human Race.”

Zona Gale, well-known writer and novelist, writes the above concerning the new book by Wm. Pickens which is entitled "American Aesop" and consists of over two hundred of the best after-dinner stories.

GIVE NEGRO BOOKS TO WHITE LIBRARIES

A. N. F.

WICHITA. Kans. April 17.—The local Commission on Inter-Racial Good Will included in its program for 1925 the placing of a select group of books on the Negro before him and about him in the libraries of Wichita. The gift has proven very popular. The institutions favored were The Wichita Public Library, Wichita High School Friends, University of B. Talbert Y. W. C. A., and Water's Street Y. M. C. A., of which Walter Hutchinson is secretary. The books distributed were: The Gift of Black Folk—W. E. B. DuBois; There is Confusion—Jessie Redmon Fauset; Dark Water;—W. E. B. DuBois; In the Vanguard of a Race—Hammond; And Who is My Neighbor?—An Outline for the Study of Race Relations in America—The Clash of Color—Basil Matthews; One Blood—R. E. Speer; Up from Slavery—Booker T. Washington; The Haynes; The Fire in the Flint—Walter F. White; Finding a Way Out—Robert R. Moton; Christianity and the race Problems—J. H. Oldham; The Story of My Life and Work—Booker T. Washington.

"POST-WAR" IN AFRICA

TURBOTT WOLFE. By William Plomer 244 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.

AN ostensible reminiscence serves William Plomer as an open gate to an unusual situation, involving a novel aspect of deliberate miscegenation in Africa. An experimentalist, a visionary parson and a raffish Dutch girl provide a groundwork for a sensational theme to which Mr. Plomer gives sensitive, evocative treatment. The impact of the alien country upon the white man's consciousness is recorded with a telling economy and

a richness of a passion which recalls the explorations of Louis Couperus in the minds of the Dutch colonials. Whatever its contribution to the illumining of Africa, however, "Tur-bott Wolfe" is even more significant as a comment of a poet, of that mood which is somewhat loosely termed "post-war."

Turbott Wolfe, the versatile exile in South Africa whose creative excursions in music, pigment, clay, rhyme and the garnering of folklore and folksongs are subordinate only to his experiments in humanity, is such a character as Aldous Huxley might have invented to body forth his wry disbeliefs. Superimposed upon the Huxleyan despair, none the less, is an insuperable ebullience of faith in human destiny. Mr. Plomer reflects the gracious sanity of the more recent "post-war" writers notably Sylvia Thompson, author of "Hounds of Spring." Retaining Mr. Huxley's robust agnosticism, Mr. Plomer is among those advancing a tentative restatement of some of the old Victorian affirmations which Mr. Huxley's bitterly gay denial have sought to undermine. Chief of

these, of course, are the Brotherhood of Man and Progress, lofty generalities of a vanished but major liberalism.

The story of Wolfe and his associates, the vividly inquisitive Mabel van der Horst, the emotional Rev. Rupert Friston, the inscrutable native Zachary Msomi, attains at times to a nightmarish intensity of vision. Wolfe's renunciation of the native girl; Friston's infatuation for Mabel; Mabel's election of her "Othello," Zachary, the missionary.

Latest Works Of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

insane debauch under the influence of the maddening native drug—these are high points in a drama which is all the more extraordinary for Wolfe's calm recital of the circumstances. Wolfe's ethical attitude, which may be among the matters disclaimed in the author's note, is enmeshed with the more obvious implications of the episode. Wolfe, in a sense, is a more Englishman to import an insular upper class code to unfamiliar and largely congenial surroundings.

ing the various incidents and impressions and people of his stay in South Africa from his deathbed to his great friend, William Plomer. It is not a new form of narration, but it is one which has been much less overworked than the straight, unrelieved order of chronological biography. The method serves to throw into high light and to facilitate the selection of the salient features of

the story. Thus the reader is spared the meticulous assemblage of details which point merely toward a somewhat dubious verisimilitude.

The young enthusiasts conclude: That Africa is not the white man's country; that miscegenation is the only way for Africa to be secured to the Africans; that it is inevitable, right and proper; that if it can be shown to be so, we shall have laid true foundations for the future colored world. Wolfe's subscribing to the theory is immediately challenged by the affair of Mabel and Zachary which earns his unqualified disapprobation. Friston's idealism is complicated by his love for the girl, which leaves him only the frightful drug for resolving his conflict.

The "yea" of an older time has been revalued. In a sense, the "post-war" Wolfe and his teammates are lifting their voices with a nervous hoarseness and entering into their renewed negotiations with life on a basis of imperfect conviction and mental reservation. Perhaps it is this which brings about their defeat. At all events, it is a gallant effort.

The sensitive, impressionistic approach of Mr. Plomer has its defects. At times his material is treated with so subdued a touch that it almost becomes crepuscular. The major implications of his abstract values are, if not offset, at least reduced to something perilously near incongruity by the minor tones of the crises. At crucial periods in the narrative Mr. Plomer eludes the issue in an unnecessarily cryptic obfuscation. The disappearance of Friston is an instance. "Turbott Wolfe" is a thoughtful book, relieved occasionally by the sparkle of a genuine wit, and it is a courageous grappling with all but intangible manifestations of fugitive modes of being. On the whole, however, it slightly deceives anticipation.

BLACK, THE
FLIGHT. By W. A. ...
New York: Alfred ...

LIKE his first novel, "The Fire in the Flint," Mimi Daguin's new book is concerned with the problem of an educated Negro in America. "The Fire in the Flint," "Stepchildren" it is called, is the story of the problem of a Negro, most white. The book is the story of Mimi Daguin, a Negro with one drop of Negro blood. It is the story of twenty years in her life, behind it is the impact of social and racial forces which throw the emphasis of "Flight," and most of the significance, less upon individual character than upon its background environment and heredity.

Mr. White's first background is the highest social stratum of negro America. Here Mimi, her cultured father and mother have come from New Orleans because Quaker has been driven to make a greater business success.

himself. They move in a world patterned on that of the whites, but sharply removed from it. Daquin is never really happy or adjusted, and he dies a few years later. Here Mimi meets Carl Hunter, another light-skinned negro, who is callowly rebellious against the stupidity of his surroundings. They fall in love, and Mimi learns one day she is to become the mother of his child. When she tells him he shows only cowardice. In her disgust she declines his offer of marriage and goes away.

Philadelphia first, where her son is born; then New York, where she goes poverty-stricken to the Harlem home of her aunt. At first she loves her new associations and becomes conscious and proud of her race; but when her past leaks out she finds a community no less narrow-minded than Atlanta. Flight—flight again. This time Mimi “goes white.” She succeeds. From a small position in an exclusive shop she rises to be second only to the proprietor. It is Mimi who goes twice a year to Paris to get ideas for gowns, and there she meets Jim Forrester. He falls in love with her; she tries to avoid him, to forget him. Finally she decides to tell him the truth about herself and abide by the result. But he will not let her; he loves her and insists upon marriage.

She is happy with him at first, but his conventionality, his Nordic prejudices, his lack of perception make a breach which widens daily. One night they attend a glorious concert by a negro singer—a presumable Paul Robeson—and her race consciousness and pride come back to her. Flight again—and freedom. Leaving Jim's house forever, "Free! Free! Free!" she cries. "Petit Jean [her son]—my own people—and happiness!"

"Flight" is less important and per-
suasive than "The Fire in the Flint."
Its conclusion seems, somehow, pre-
determined. The thesis of the novel
has great cogency and meaning, but
the novel itself, the history of Mimi
fails to achieve its first requirement—
humanity. The course of her life is
wholly credible; there is nothing
improbable about what happens to
Mimi, or about how it happens inter-
nally; but Mimi herself is inad-
equately humanized. There is no reason
in the world why the final realiza-
tion which comes to this woman
so conscious of her race and weight
of the conventional life of the white
should not be a sense of oneness and
sympathy with the negroes, and an
understanding that her happiness lies
among them. After living as a white
she comes back to the negroes as a
"God of Might" Elias Tobenkin
Jew, after living with Christian
comes back to the Jews, as a the-
sand expatriates come back to their
native land. Indeed, her return must
be supremely true to type; but
that very reason it seems predestin-
ed here: because Mimi is not a living
human being and must be judged

from type. Mr. White, in other words, makes his thesis convincing, but not his particular example; he demonstrates a factual truth but not an artistic one.

Perhaps in the long run the thesis here is more significant than the creation of character. And Mr. White, painting pictures, driving home truths, suggesting indictments, draws that thesis with an admirable objectivity. Whatever his sense of injustice, whatever his temptation toward pathos, he lets his story speak for itself. His picture of an Atlanta riot against the negroes needs no commentary to be rousing. His indictment of our present white civilization, standardized and smug, symbolized in radios and good plumbing, is no more pointed than his indictment of the negro world which apes that civilization. That is why Mimi's realization at the end is no more predetermined than it is forceful; being predetermined, it simply becomes more acutely didactic. Only in native soil will the roots of the negro thrive and achieve florescence, Mr. White infers; and doing so he reaches a conclusion so often reached that it has the obviousness of a platitude, but the impregnability of an axiom. But in addition he suggests that many enlightened negroes must feel not only the general wisdom but also the personal necessity for doing so. Such a feeling at length pervaded the young minister of "God's Stepchildren," and such a feeling, not of flight but of fulfillment, pervades Mimi Daquin.

Answers to Questions
Printed Last Week

1. The line:
"My strength is as the strength of
ten"
is spoken by Sir Galahad in the
poem by Alfred Tennyson. The
opening stanza of the poem reads:
"My good blade carves the casques
of men."

My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of
ten

2. "The Black Flemings" is pub-
lished by Doubleday, Page & Com-
pany, New York. Katherine Norris
is the author.

3. The book regarding life in
old New Orleans, about which in-
quiry was made last week, is a novel
entitled "Black Ivory" by Polan
Banks. It is published by Harper &
Brothers.

4. Sherwood Anderson is the au-
thor of "Poor White."

5. The correct pronunciation of
the last name of the author of
"Glass Houses," Mrs. Eleanor Gil-
zycka, is Gi-zee-ka. The "i" is short
like the "i" in winner, and the ac-
cent is on the second syllable. We
have this pronunciation on the au-
thority of Minton, Balch & Company,
who are publishing her new book,
so we're willing to chance its cor-
rectness.

ATHENS PROFESSOR
AUTHOR OF VOLUME

Athens, Ga., March 29.—(Special.)
"The Civil War and Reconstruction in
Kentucky" is the title of a new book
by E. M. Coulter, professor
of history in the University of Geo-
gia. The book is now being published
by the University of North Carolina Press.
The book will consist of about 450
pages, and is the result of research
and study in this field made by Dr.
Coulter.

BOOKS OF AFRICAN INTEREST.

SPECIALLY REVIEWED FOR "THE AFRICAN WORLD."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AFRICAN.

"The Autobiography of an African," by
Daniel Fraser, D.D. (Seely, Service, 6s.
6d.) is the story of the life of Daniel Mtusu,
a chief's son, who, born in Paganism, was
converted to Christianity and shared in the
work of an East African mission station. The
material was provided by himself, and put
in order and completed, with an account of
his death, by Dr. Fraser.

Dr. Fraser's name is well known in the
world of missionary enterprise in Africa,
and his sympathetic understanding of native
character has been made evident in more
than one previous book. He is therefore
particularly well qualified for the task he
has set himself here, of interpreting to Euro-
pean readers the life of an African.

Daniel Mtusu stands out from its pages
wonderfully human and attractive
figure. His childhood in the pagan village,
his youth and his early prowess as a war-
rior, are described with a vividness that
reveals not only a wide knowledge of native
life, but a profound insight into the native
mind. Then his marriage, his semi-miracu-
lous conversion, and his life as the servant of
God, carry the story on to his peaceful and
Christian death.

As his character gradually reveals itself
through the story, we recognise that,
strongly individual as he is, his personality
is in many ways a revelation of the essen-
tial Bantu. Impulsive, volatile, and excita-
ble, he remains for all his courage and in-
telligence a child at heart, and the mildly
external way in which Dr. Fraser speaks of
him every now and then is easily under-
standable. Yet the most impression that
Daniel's character leaves upon the reader is
not merely one of child-like charm, but of
something in him that commands not only
affection, but respect. Whatever he does,
he does with dignity; and just as the absurd
European clothes that he wears in the
contrast cannot altogether hide the fine-
ness of his form, so his civilisation does not
degrade but only softens the barbaric
quality of his character.

Lifelike Picture.

Here, then, we have at last a clear, con-
vincing and vividly lifelike picture of an
African type. It is a picture that
all who are concerned in the future
of Africa will do well to study. A
type that can produce such a type as
Daniel must have great potentialities; and
whether they are to be realised for good or
for evil must in the long run depend on
whether the rulers of the black man have
understood his character and his needs.

Another useful feature of the book is the
account it gives by the way of the methods
of the mission station. This account proves
clearly (if proof were needed) that, what-
ever may be the occasional shortcomings of
the method, it does unquestionably lead the

native to a way of life infinitely better,
healthier, more useful and more
wholesome than that of Paganism. All who
have experience of Africa know that the
superficial picturesqueness of heathenism is
only a mask for fantastic cruelties, mind-
numbing superstitions, and nameless
obscenity, and that until the African is
liberated from this bondage he cannot pro-
gress. This is the especial work of mis-
sions; that they are performing it is never
doubted, but it is sometimes questioned
whether they are performing it in the wisest
possible way. This book should relieve any
such doubts. If all missionaries have as
clear an understanding of the native mind
as Dr. Fraser, the difficult and delicate task
of bringing the Bantu to the first stage on
the road to civilisation may be left to them
with confidence.

AFRICAN MYTHOLOGY.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF AFRICAN RACES. Vol. VII.:
Amenian, by Mardros H. Ananikian,
B.D., S.T.M.; African, by Alice Werner,
L.L.A., Professor of Swahili and Bantu
Languages, School of Oriental Studies,
London University. (Archaeological In-
stitute of America, Marshall Jones Com-
pany, Boston, U.S.A. MDCCCXXV).

In this volume Miss Werner presents the
fruit of a vast amount of research among the
enormous mass of material dealing with
African mythology to be found scattered
about in literature on African subjects—"a
great deal of it in German periodicals not
always readily accessible." The present work
is not a systematic study, but a collection of
myths and their variants, grouped under
headings: "High Gods and Heaven,"
"Myths of Origins," "The Ancestral
Spirits," "Nature Myths," etc. In her pre-
face, however, Miss Werner tells us that she
intends to work out in detail some of the
subjects here presented. In the meantime, we
are pleased to follow her through the twilight
land of African myths.

"To treat the mythology of a whole con-
tinent is a task not to be lightly undertaken,"
but Miss Werner says that the task is sim-
plified by the apparent uniformity of the
black peoples in harmony with "the unifor-
mity of Africa (which) has become a com-
mon-place with some writers. . . . The
white man who has lived long enough among
black people . . . to discriminate between
the individual and the type," knows better,
but loses the impression of the type which
struck him at the first meeting. At first con-
tact with African mythology we have an elu-
sive sense of something typically African
pervading it all, but distinct cleavages soon
become apparent, and while we find diversity
in uniformity, the feeling of uniformity still
predominates.

Ideas in Common.

"A study of African folk-lore extending
over many years has gradually produced a
conviction that both sections of the African
race, the Bantu-speaking and the Sudanic,
have many ideas, customs, and beliefs in

common. Some of these may be due to inde-
pendent developments, others to recent bor-
rowing, but there is a great deal which, I feel
certain, can only be accounted for by some
original community of thought and practice."

In the chapter on "Myths of Origins,"
Miss Werner points out a hiatus in African
mythology—the paucity of cosmogonies and
accounts of the creation of the world.
"The earth, in most cases, seems to be
taken for granted, as if it existed from the
beginning; and though, occasionally, we may
hear of men being actually made, they more
often just 'appear,' sometimes coming down
from the sky, and sometimes up out of the
earth, sometimes without any explanation
whence they came."

To a humble student of folk-lore among
the tribes of the West Coast, like the present
writer, a striking characteristic of the Afri-
can outlook on the world is its utilitarianism.
The earth and its contents being accepted as
a matter of course, there is little interest in
the mystery of origins. It is sufficient that
they are there: Why trouble about the how
and why of their becoming? It is much
more useful to know what they are, and
how they affect human beings. The back-
ward view may deal with the origin of a
tribe or family, but even if memory of the
first ancestor lingers, he has generally become
a god, vast, dim and distant, and as the
powers of ancestors wane with the effluxion
of time it is sufficient to propitiate those
of the last few generations who can exercise
a useful, or baneful, influence. The satisfac-
tion of the daily needs is too urgent and
tailsome to leave much time for philosophis-
ing, and systematising faith and theology. All
is vague and shadowy, but the plains, the
forests, the hills, the outskirts of the villages
are believed to be haunted by hosts of dim,
half-discerned entities who lie in wait for
the unwary. These are the active enemies
who can cast spells and enchantments, and
cause misfortune, disease, and death. For
disease and death do not come naturally. Why
should a young child sicken and fade away?
Why should a strong man grow weak and die?
Like the mediæval Christian the African
sees in these happenings the influence of the
evil spirits who are constantly seeking to
thwart the will of God, and to injure his
children, sometimes acting directly, but more
often through the agency of human beings
who have entered into alliance with them by
unholy rites. Fortunately, their malevolent
magic can be counteracted by the benevolent
magic of the medicine-man or witch-doctor.
The theory runs parallel with the belief in
the possibility of controlling the supernatural
by "wisdom," which seems to be common
to all mankind.

In all Miss Werner's divisions there is a
recurring suggestion of a mythology the fun-
damentals of which are the common property
of many races at certain stages of develop-
ment. Such are the stories of "The Little
People." In all parts of Africa there are
traditions of migration from some ancestral
home, and stories of races of pigmy folk in-
habiting forests and wilds, such as the
Kitumusi and Chiruwi told of in Tanaland
and the Shire Highlands.

Both these beings link on to a set of
legends which seem, like those of the elfe
and "Good People" in Europe, to refer
ultimately, to some former inhabitants of the

"Funnies" Book On Earth" Done By William Pickens

Pickens' newest book, now in press,
is called "American Aesop—Humor of
the Negro, the Irishman, the Jew, and
others." It will contain over 220
stories, all told in the inimitable style
of the author.
The book is being done by those ex-
quisite printers, The Commonwealth
Press of Boston.

One of the first stories in the book
is the reproduction of a sermon on
"The Last Judgment" by an eminent
old style Negro preacher, whose name
is not given, and it is accompanied by
a full page reproduction of the pic-
ture of "The Last Judgment" which is
preserved on the walls of the Sistine
Chapel of the Vatican or Pope's Palace
in Rome, by the great Michelangelo.

It is the first stereotyping of the best
Negro humor of a quarter century, and
contains an equal number of stories
giving the best humor of all other
races. It will be of invaluable service
to lecturers and after-dinner speakers,
and will cost the buyer only two dol-
lars all told, as postage will be prepaid
by the publisher.

ALL COLORED PEOPLE, New York Associa-
tion Press.
A study of the part in
race relations.

country of smaller stature and lower culture
than the later invaders, yet possessed of know-
ledge and skill in certain arts which gave
them a reputation for preternatural powers.
It is to be hoped that Miss Werner will
use her unequalled knowledge to give the
world a *magnum opus* in which African
mythology will be treated systematically and
comparatively.

I must add a word of commendation of
Miss Alice Woodward's beautiful drawing
in colour.
W. F. H.

A Poet for the Negro Race

Color, by Countee Cullen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 108 pages. \$2.

IF, as some of us would have it, the presence of African slaves at Jamestown was ironically a fertilizing gesture of the Deity, Countee Cullen is a fulfillment of one of the pregnant promises of the New World. Admitting the variant circumstances of being, of heritage and of ideals, the same thing, I suppose, could be said of Miguel Covarrubias or of Vladimir Mayakovsky. And yet, in the light of comparative history, there is nothing rare about a poet emerging upon an inarticulate waste, clothed, so to speak, in a raiment of song which gives form and meaning and a disciplined beauty, in our case, to the accumulated shame and sadness and joy inherent in a minority people.

In this first book of verse by a Negro boy but twenty-two years old there is proof of many synthesized cultures. Spreading over a wide area are the roots of the poet's vision, incisive and unsentimental, fraught with objectives sometimes slightly imperceptible to him. Who does not perceive in the quiet lines to Saturday's Child or in the frost of light turned on Fruit of the Flower the essence of true poetry? In and out of the leaves rise at times a rare opulence, words of daring and a positive wisdom, expressions ripe from a rugged spirit.

Infused with motives of sagacity, conscious of the temper of the present, yet sharing a release from their dying charm, the poems of which *The Shroud of Color* and *Heritage* are the most ambitious examples—epical in conception and interesting in content as they are—seem to me to be less effective.

Standing respectfully and assuredly on the premise left by the older Negro poets, Mr. Cullen is so intensely concerned with objectivity—racially, I mean—as to allow it in *Color* to assume possibly too high a place. But it is presumptuous to attempt to describe the character of emotion which should warm the blood of a poet. It yet is my utmost belief that dissecting the cosmos of the Negro spirit is Countee Cullen's ultimate concern; certainly the urge in that direction beckons strongest.

Ordained is a pretty bloaty word, but if there ever was a poet ordained by the stars to sing of the joys and sorrows attendant upon the experience of thwarted black folk placed in wretched juxtaposition to our Western civilization, that poet is Countee Cullen. ERIC WALROND.

Book Chat

by
MARY WHITE OVINGTON

"Turbott Wolfe"

By WILLIAM PLOMER. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

"TURBOTT WOLFE" is a book about South Africa and its native problem. It depicts an Englishman of fine qualities, an artist, a humanitarian, thrown with intolerant cheap colonialists and Dutch settlers, with people who, if not cheap, are so odd as to be unbalanced. These ignorant, ill-mannered white settlers talk of the natives as nothing but animals, while the men have their black mistresses and their black families. They bring disease with them and they despise African culture. Turbott Wolfe finds the last word said on them and of the white man's civilization in Africa, whether he be trader or agriculturist or missionary, is "unclean."

Of the African, the picture blacks and whites that stands drawn is very different. Unflinching for miscegenation as in like Sarah Millin, who wrote orevitable, right and proper. The South Africa in "God's Step-hall" caste world is coming and children," he finds much that they believe that they will pre- is beautiful and dignified in the pure the way. The new mis- African, though he also secessionary, one of the three, that, the best in the savage is counts this more suitable work being destroyed by so-called than teaching the natives that civilization. He thus describes Esau was a hairy man and a native girl to whom he is at other such Old Testament tracted: "She was a fine raretales.

savage, of a type you will find Of course, disaster comes to nowhere now; it has been killed all three, and Turbott Wolfe, by the missionaries, the for whom you have a growing poor whites and the towns. An aboriginal, perfectly clean and affection, and whom the na- perfectly beautiful. I have tives learn to love and trust, never seen such consummate has to give up his work and re- dignity. She was an ambassa- turn to England. It is he who dress of all that beauty (it tells the story as he has slow- might be called holiness), that ly dying of African fever. Here is one of the conclusions that intensity of the old wonderful he gives to his listening unknown primitive African life friend: "I think if you go into —outside history, outside time, outside science." A very the question thoroughly you will find that ultimately our different picture from the squatting savages in Mil- civilization is obscene. It has lin's tale, or the incredibly a ways seemed to me to be the dirty creatures in the French chief mistake of our age that Africa of Batuala. we take it for granted that science is a panacea. The

The plot of the book is slight, but it is bold enough chief tendency of modern to deal plainly with miscegena- science has been to produce tion, and with the passion that a white woman may feel for a colored man. But chiefly it has given the author the oppor- tunity to talk about the ever interesting theme of color.

Of South Africa, the writer says through one of his characters: "Native question indeed! My good man, there is no native question. It's an answer. I don't know whether people are wilfully blind that they can't see what's coming. The white man's as dead as a door nail in this country." His three principal characters get together and form a society

Dr. Du Bois on European Tour

Writes Chapter on Negro Literature in Encyclopedia Britannica

Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, who sailed Saturday, July 17, on the ss. Penland for Europe, is to spend a number of weeks lecturing in Germany and Switzerland and has received special commission to write a number of articles.

This is Dr. Du Bois' first visit to Germany since he was a student there at the University of Berlin. He will return to the United States in October.

Dr. Du Bois, according to the New York World, has been signally honored in being asked to contribute to the Encyclopedia Britannica a chapter on Negro literature in the United States. Harry Hans, literary editor of the World, in commenting on this new arrangement, points out that hitherto one individual has written on all American literature. This is not done in connection with writing in England, J. C. Squire, the English critic, writing on English literature. For American literature Dr. Henry Seidel Canby of Yale University, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, writes the introduction; Professor Robert Morse Lovett of the University of Chicago discusses fiction; Louis Untermeyer, the critic and anthologist, describes American poetry, while Dr. Du Bois writes on Negro literature.

Rene Maran, whose novel, "Batouala," won the Prix Goncourt, writes on French African literature in the same issue.

this he is in agreement with the wiser leaders of the negroes themselves, such as Booker Washington and Major Moton. Nor does he think there is the slightest chance of that solution urged by some light-witted theorists of social equality and amalgamation. He sets forth in convincing fashion the arguments against this. He summons an imposing array of scientific evidence to prove that the negro race differs radically from the white, and with this in mind declares the impossibility of amalgamation. There are certain deep instincts ("consciousness of kind") which exist and which will always exist, and he concludes "Viewing the subject from every conceivable psychological viewpoint, I find no ground for believing that the Caucasian and the Negro will ever amalgamate when they co-exist in large numbers." And he goes on to point out a further fact worthy of remembrance: "Why any sane person should wish for a time when the races of the world would lose all identity and become a single chromatic type passes all understanding, for it is only by each race's retaining its individuality and flowering in its particular habitat that the culture of the world can receive its greatest variety and richness of contrast."

The discussion of the various solutions offered, colonization, civil equality, segregation, is wise and sane. It is a helpful book and not without hope.

WILLIAM F. BROOKS
BUSH DEVILS.

Under the title "Bush Devils" a book dealing with the War Experiences of German East Africa has just been published in Berlin. The author, Hans Van Rook, is evidently a keen observer and descriptive impressionist, and his account of his service and subsequent adventures in Africa is a most interesting and in many ways a most valuable contribution to the knowledge of the world.

The stories run true throughout, and the illustrations by Reifeld supplement them in an attractive manner. The loyalty of the former German East African Askari (native soldiery) is well known, and has been frequently appreciated in British records of the war. The author discusses the call to arms made by General von Lettow, whom he described as "the iron leader, and who admittedly remained unvanquished to the end though opposed and hunted by forces tenfold in strength."

The stories are clean, fascinating, and yet informative, and will be a valuable addition to any reference library of the Great War in Equatorial Africa.

"Bush Devils," by Hans Reck. (Verlag Dietrich Reimer Vohsen, Berlin, S.W.G.)

Germans Translate

Pickens Book

NEW YORK—Louis P. Lochner, of the Berlin Bureau of the Associated Press, is negotiating with German publishers to have "Busting Bonds" by William Pickens put into the German language.

Writing concerning the book, he says: "Nothing has stirred me as few things have. I could not tear myself away from it until I had read it from cover to cover in one sitting."

New York City.

ANOTHER NEGRO NOVEL

THREE years ago literary Paris was amazed by the news that René Maran, a full-blooded Negro, had carried off the Goncourt Prize with his novel *Batouala*. "Disgruntled competitors, and even some critics who must have been disinterested, complained that the prize had been awarded as much upon political as on literary grounds; for it was notorious that France was eager to win the hearts of her black subjects. But others pointed out that M. Maran, whatever his race, was after all a French government official and had had a sound education in the French schools."

Now comes another Negro novelist who has been scarcely touched by the white man's culture, unless we are to include under that broad term service in a Negro regiment on the Western front, which may have been cultural but certainly was not very literary. His name is Afim-Assanga, and he is a Negro from the French Sudan with no education whatever, although he has traveled as a day laborer from African Holland and from Holland to South America. The book appears in a German version published in Regensburg. The Negro writer discusses the possible results that will follow if his race awakes to modern technology, to modern methods of warfare, and demands an equal place with the white man. The book is represented as a human document, but its political views sound as though the human document had had a bit of editing. It is called *The Black Wave*.

BISHOP R. C. RANSOM

"The Spirit of Freedom and Justice"

Is the title of a book of Orations, Speeches and Sermons by Bishop Reverdy C. Ransom.

Its contents are selected from the most notable Literary and Oratorical efforts made by the Bishop in the last twenty-five years.

Seven of the Orations in this book were delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass. One in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. made famous by the Late Henry Ward Beecher. Another in Cooper Union, New York City where Abraham Lincoln spoke on his first introduction to the East. And yet another in the Free Synagogue in Carnegie Hall, New York.

The book is militant and uncompromising throughout on the questions of political, and social justice and equality.

It sells for \$2.00 a volume. It may be secured by remitting that amount to Bishop Reverdy C. Ransom 402 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn.

Leo Frobenius, Traveler and Thinker

ERLEBTE ERDTEILE (Continents Where I Have Lived). I Band, *Ausfahrt*; II Band, *Erschlossene Räume*; III Band, *Vom Schreibtisch zum Äquator*; IV Band, *Vom Völkerstudium zur Philosophie*. Frankfurt am Main: Frankfurter Societäts-Druckerei.

DER KOPF ALS SCHICKSAL (The Brain as Destiny). Munich: Kurt Wolf.

ATLANTIS. Eleven volumes of legends and folk stories. Jena: E. Diederichs.

UND AFRIKA SPRACH (The Voice of Africa). Charlottenburg: Verlag Vita. (English translation. London: Hutchinson & Co.).

BERLIN.

A SURVEY of the works of this comparatively young author, rich as they are in new thoughts and amazing discoveries, inevitably arouses our delighted admiration for the enormous productivity of his life, which is consecrated as it is to an "idea." For a moment Leo Frobenius has traveled through Africa countless times, he is not to be classed among the explorers who, while they collect thousands of individual facts with great diligence and conscientiousness, yet lack the genius for combining the individual cases into one great unity, for finding the essential truth hidden under all the confusing details. Leo Frobenius possesses this genius; it was in his early youth that he had the first inklings of his ideas on the origin and development of all human civilization. As his work progressed and his knowledge became even more thorough he elaborated these ideas. His travels, his prolonged sojourns among the savage tribes of the interior of Africa, were intended to confirm and develop his original views.

He found more than he expected. Quite naturally, his procedure was entirely different from the accepted way of studying ethnology and therefore was the butt of many bitter attacks. For Leo Frobenius is a militant opponent of specialization in science and of the materialism that permeates our European civilization and is the cause of the constant decrease of spirituality in our life.

In Africa, among the dusky children of this widely misjudged continent, which has been open for scientific investigation for only a century, he found the eternal essence of all life in its primordial state. Thence

emanates a light that can illumine our life also. His language knows neither chance nor law, neither analysis nor traditionalism; it is purely metaphysical. Here the visible results from the invisible.

Among the vastly dissimilar tribes of Africa he found all stages of civilization, from the most primitive to highly idealistic God-concepts. Thus he found the confirmation of his idea of civilization as an organism, just as formations of stones, plants and stars are organisms. It depends on locality as well as on time, and the concept of it reaches into metaphysics. Civilization cannot be separated from man—it grows with him, and he grows with it. It is never a matter of chance, but its workings are interlocked everywhere. Like every living organism it passes through birth, maturity and death and is bound to the earth.

He emphasizes constantly that the enormous continent of Africa is not the home of the "black," of the "nigger." The Atlantic, Hamitic and Ethiopian races are essentially and fundamentally different, as are also the cultural cycles ("Kulturkreise") they represent. The word "Kulturkries" has been coined by Leo Frobenius, and has already gained standing as a fixed scientific term.

The migrations that are constantly going on in Africa from east to west are the cause of innumerable displacements and minglings of cultural cycles. We can find only slight traces of some, which are being destroyed in the leveling mill of mechanization. Thus Frobenius says that the generalized notion of "feichism" is cruelly unjust toward the religious life of the negro. He tells of a pure and chaste religious ceremony of some small negro tribes in the out-of-the-way mountain country of the Sudan—a ceremony resembling the cult of Dionysus, but free of its adjuncts. And he gives surprising facts about the elaborate system of deities in the Jeruba country, the region west of the mouth of the Niger.

On its first appearance, years ago, Frobenius's comprehensive work, "The Voice of Africa," provoked a tempest among students of ethnology. Never before had Africa been viewed from this standpoint. Negro civilization—when its existence, however rudimentary, was conceded at all—had never been connected with the development of general humanity. People doubted many of

the discoveries of this man who approached the native with no European bias or prejudice of any sort, and therefore was able to penetrate much deeper into their minds than any other explorer before him. And immediately Leo Frobenius was called a temperamental dreamer. Now, however, all this has changed. Since he showed the way his statements have been amply verified by recent discoveries of monumental works of negro art. Indeed, science is turning away from the habit of judging according to purely materialistic principles, and is again seeking metaphysical relationships.

Let me also mention the splendid book with the not very felicitous title "The Brain as Destiny." Here those who do not dare to attempt the explorer's difficult scientific works will find Leo Frobenius the poet, the warm-hearted man whose heart glows with love for the dark-skinned children of Africa. These delicately drawn portraits of bold men and noble women, of kings and beggars, of merchants and courtesans, sound like thrilling, heroic myths of remote antiquity. Powerful smoldering passions, savage and fearless calls of the blood, a demoniacal poetry is breathed forth by these stories.

In 1925 Leo Frobenius published a number of small handy volumes. In a wholly individual manner they combine a condensation of his previous scientific work with the story of the development of his own intellect and ideas. Beginning with the intuitions of early youth he leads us through errors and mistakes, which he admits honestly, and takes us step by step to broader and ever more firm understanding. Thus these little books contain biography, conflicts with opposed views and confirmation by interesting discoveries made during his travels. The fourth volume, which has just appeared, tells clearly and lucidly how ethnology brought Frobenius to a broadly conceived philosophy of human civilization.

But this fourth volume, too, is only a beginning. While the first three form the introduction, so to speak, the present volume commences the presentation of the philosophy of the "Paideuma." This Greek name was chosen by Frobenius because the word "Kultur" is too narrow and might easily be misunderstood. Three further volumes are to carry the development of this philosophy to the "metaphysical panorama."

GABRIELE REUTER.

BOOK ON NEGRO PROBLEM PUBLISHED IN JAPAN

Kametarō Mitsukawa, a Japanese who visited the offices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People when he was in this country in 1925, has written a book in the Japanese language upon the history and problems of the Negro, and a copy of the book has arrived from Japan at the N. A. A. C. P. national offices, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The N. A. A. C. P. furnished Mr. Mitsukawa with information on race relations. His friend, Rash Behari Bose, who sends the book, writes:

"This book is the first attempt in the Japanese language to educate the people here in regard to the many problems of the colored people.

"Mr. Mitsukawa has further asked me to convey to you his heartfelt thanks for the assistance rendered by you****and to inform the colored people through you that Young Japan like Young India, heartily sympathizes with the aspirations of the Negroes."

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people through you that Young Japan like Young India, heartily sympathizes with the aspirations of the Negroes."

A.L.A. Announces Forty Best Books

CHICAGO, Jan. 3. — The American Library Association announced today the following choice of the forty best books published in the United States last year:

"A Story Teller's Story," Sherwood Anderson; "Life and Letters of John Muir," William Frederic Badger; "Portraits, Real and Imaginary," Ernest Boyd; "Bare Souls," Gamaliel Bradford; "Genius of Style," William Crary Brownell; "Mark Twain's Autobiography," William Dean Howells; "Oscar Wilde," William Crawford Gorgas; "Burton J. Hendrick: The Parthenon and Other Greek Temples," Jay Hambidge; "Charles Proteus Steinmetz," John Winthrop Hammond; "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," M. A. De W. Howe.

"Sticks and Stones," Lewis Mumford; "Man Who Died Twice," Edwin Arlington Robinson; "Joseph Pulitzer," Don C. Seitz; "Autobiography of an Idea," Henry Lewis Sullivan; "Woodrow Wilson," William Allen White.

"Voyaging Southward," Rockwell Kent; "American Revolution," Charles Howard McIlwain; "History of the American Frontier," Frederic Logan Paxson; "American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century," Henry Levi Osgood.

"International Law and Some Current Illusions," John Bassett Moore; "Galapagos," Charles William Beebe; "The Character of Races," Ellsworth Huntington; "Human Origins," George Grant McCurdy; "General Cytology," Vincent Edmund Cowdry; "Evolution," Vernon Kellogg.

"The Discovery of Intelligence," Joseph Kinmont Hart; "Psychology, What It Has to Teach You About Yourself and the World You Live In," Everett Dean Martin; "The Modern Use of the Bible," Harry Emerson Fosdick; "Contri-

Outions of Science to Religion," Shailer Mathews; "History of Religion in the United States," Henry Kalloch Rowe.

"History of the Foreign Policies of the United States," Randolph Greenfield Adams; "Social Psychology," Floyd Henry Allport; "American Economic History," Harold Underwood Faulkner; "The Causes of Industrial Unrest," John Andrews Fitch; "Scientific Study of Human Society," Franklin Henry Giddings; "Non-Rotting, Causes and Methods of Control," Charles Edward Merriam and Harold Foote Gosnell; "Law and Morals," Roscoe Pound; "Origins of Sociology," Albin Woodbury Small.

IN THE CONGO

THE JU-JU MAN. By Thomas Griffiths and Armstrong Livingston. 277 pp. New York: Seibel Publishing Corporation. \$2.

HERE is a book for all lovers of a good fight. It is a picaresque romance with the Congo jungle as a menacing background. The action proceeds with express train rapidity, and the death rate is simply enormous. Battles, escapes and other spectacular adventures follow each other so closely that the reader frequently fears for his own safety. It certainly is not philosophical reading, but for those who require a book to be really entertaining it will prove a delectable morsel.

The authors immediately engage our interest by a dramatic prologue. A runaway slave escapes from a Southern plantation after killing the overseer who had his mother whipped to death. He makes his way to Mobile, where he hides aboard a ship about to sail. To his horror he discovers that the vessel is engaged in the slave trade. When he demonstrates that he strongly prefers death to continued slavery; the grim humor of the situation appeals to the Captain. The negro is set free on the African shore.

The story reopens fifty years later in the trading town of Mafadi, Belgian Congo. Two scoundrels, one a Boer and the other Irish, plot to steal some gold and a map showing the location of the treasure store of a native tribe from the safe of an American trader named Holden. The heroine and hero of the story, who are badly smitten with each other, are Holden's dauntless niece, Celia, and his employe, Fred Rushton. The runaway slave has now become C'Wayo, a medicine man of extraordinary craft, who acts throughout the tale as a black deus ex machina. After several pitched battles, in which two native tribes, a rascally band of Arab slavers, the villains, the Americans and the benevolent C'Wayo are pitted against each other, the book ends happily with

the slaughter of the rogues and the betrothal of the young American couple. C'Wayo dies a natural death, happy in the knowledge of his good works.

The character portrayal is, with one exception, not worthy of mention. Holden and the natives are mere pawns whom the authors move about to serve the exigencies of a made-to-order plot. Celia is too courageous and cool under fire to be convincingly feminine; she is another William S. Hart in petticoats. Rushton is much too perfect to be a successful hero. The Boer is a mere stage fiend, so merciless as to seem inhuman. Burke, the Hibernian bad man, however, combines a reckless deviltry with a genial humor which will endear him to every reader.

Book Chat

by

MARY WHITE OVINGTON

"The Sailor's Return"

By David Garnett. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, 735 Fifth Avenue New York City. Price \$2.00. By mail \$2.10.

I MAY seem to be chatting about novels when more *Amsterdam* my shelves yet unreviewed, but this is the season for books "in lighter vein" and I know of no more entertaining and touching recent novel dealing with the Negro than this of Garnett's. Garnett is an Englishman, a writer who loves phantasy. "The Sailor's Return," with Merrick's "Quaint Companions," which I have already reviewed, draws a delightful picture of a colored man and a colored woman out of his and her usual environment. While these two stories are not in the least alike, one places them together because of their delicacy of touch and their artistry.

The sailor, William Targett, returns to England from a long voyage in foreign parts. With him as his traveling companion is a black man carrying a large basket. You meet the two first on the train out of Southampton, where, alone in the carriage, the basket is opened and a little black boy jumps out. He has lain quietly without crying, a tribute to jungle-reared babies throughout the trip. You soon learn that the black man is a woman, Tulip, William's wife, and that the little black boy is their own. They had an exciting courtship in Dahomey, and Tulip, who is a king's daughter, brought her husband a small fortune in gold and ivory. Now they are in a land wholly new to Tulip and one where she feels little at home.

"Our folks are not so merry as the Africans are," her husband explains to his young brother, and that makes the greatest change for her, as she is used to laughter. Often she has asked me why the men here do not dance, why they never beat drums, or clap their hands, or shout songs in chorus. She thinks we are a very dull set of dogs here."

The story of this strangely assorted but happy couple ends in sorrow. Tulip soon encounters, from her husband's sister, as much race antagonism as she would receive had she been in Georgia. If she had been poor, a servant, there would have been no word against her, but Targett dresses her in

beautiful clothes and together they go on gay, uncivilized good times, such as swimming naked in the ocean, and accordingly shock many in the prim little town. The sorrow that comes to them, however, is the sorrow of accident, not of any loss of trust and affection.

Mr. Garnett runs along his own way, without any division into chapter or part, without stressing his dramatic inci-

denents. But the picture of Tulip at the last is pathetic, however unemotionally it is told. After her husband's death she goes on "working as the drudge of everyone about the place. In the village they were used to her and now that she was always dressed in the poorest castoff clothes, her mistress had given her, nobody shouted at her or jeered as she went by. . . . She had learned to know her station in life and she did her duty in it very well." Her little boy she had sent back to Africa that he might not stay in England where he would be just a "little nigger."

In both Merrick's and Garnett's books England is shown as very unfriendly to the Negro. But perhaps I take them too seriously. Theirs are tales of imagination and Garnett depicts the English as well as the African in a somewhat fantastic manner.

Harper & Brothers, New York—"Black Ivory." A novel of Creole New Orleans. By Polan Banks. Chicago, Ill. 1926. 305 pp.

George H. Doran & Co., New York—"Black Harvest." A novel of war's aftermath and the color line. By I. A. R. Wylie. Chicago, Ill.

SOUTH AFRICAN BUSHMEN

THE HUNTER. By Ernest Glanville. 320 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

IN "The Hunter," a story of bushman life in the waste places of South Africa, Mr. Glanville has lavished all the care and sympathy of a thoroughly civilized mind. He has approached the bushman from an interpretative point of view, and in so doing has proved himself incapable of toughness. Patter about the "white man's burden" must be so much cant to this born gentleman.

Not only is Mr. Glanville sympathetic—he seems actually impressed with the compensations that go with the more barbarous and exciting forms of living. For instance, he never tires of insinuating that ennui, that devil civilization, is unknown to the bushman.

What quibbles "The Hunter" to life is a vast and wide-eyed capacity for wonder. Taking the external facts of bushman and animal life for his skeleton, Mr. Glanville "wonders" about the interior life that must palpitate behind the factual curtain. And the product of his wondering imagination is of the honest sort: not once does it offend the probabilities. Even though civilized man can never know the actual workings of a bushman's brain, Mr. Glanville seems, by some God-driven power of divination, to have sensed the truth and to have gotten it down on paper.

The bushman, says Mr. Glanville, goes about "squat, on short legs, asking permission of none, ready to defend his title against all odds, but always full of life, curiosity, humor, intelligence and independence." Mr. Glanville takes one of these human "badgers" and sets forth what happens to him in the fearful business of savage living. Dakwyn, his hero, escapes the Kaffirs that kill his father and wipe out his adolescent home. In the course of the subsequent narrative Dakwyn encounters many adventures of a melodramatic nature that must be simple drama to a bushman. In addition to being fine entertainment "The Hunter" has value for the amateur anthropologist. There are many paragraphs devoted to the engendering of myths among wild peoples; and there are still other bits that touch engagingly upon the arts and industries of primitive human life.

Mr. Glanville has written a fresh book, an honest book, and a book in which "movement" never strands in the shallows of tedious writing.

tion, classification and explanation of all the facts."

French scientist who died when it was almost completed is noteworthy for his wealth of examples from a great variety of countries and for the skill with which to use the editor's words, "the historical point of view penetrates, dominated and inspires the examination."

History

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN GEOGRAPHY. By P. Vidal de la Blanche. Edited by Emmanuel de Martens. Translated from the French by Wilfrid Holt. New York: Holt & Co. 1926. 300 pp. \$2.50. This book, the life work of a

English Magazine Publishes Article on Alexandre Dumas

CHARLOTTE R. C. OESERVE

The London "Bookman" for June publishes as the feature article of that issue a study of Alexandre Dumas by Alfred Tressidder Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard in the first paragraph of the three-page article quotes Robert Louis Stevenson, who called the novelist "the champion mulatto, the great eater, worker, earner, waster, the man of much and witty laughter, the man of great heart."

Mr. Sheppard then gives a critical estimate of the great Negro writer, closing with an interesting story which reveals one of Dumas' traits. This is

Sheppard tells it:

"Would you rather be called Davy de la Pailleterie like your grandfather the Marquis, his mother asked him once, 'or simply Alexandre Dumas like your father? If the first, you could be a page; if the second, no career opens before you.'"

"I will be called Alexandre Dumas and nothing else," he replied proudly.

And Mr. Sheppard comments: "It is that name, that image, that superscription which gives its value to the bounty flung so lavishly. We owe the magnificent old prodigal so very much."

And Black Mountain is the center of dissemination of sociological knowledge, for it is there that Prof. Jerome Dowd spends his Summers—and Professor Dowd has won acknowledgment as the leading authority on sociology in the United States, his various books on the subject having been adopted in many leading institutions in this country. The Century Company is now publishing his third volume, which is devoted to the negro race. This work is in two parts, one to be used as text book in universities and clubs. This will be one of a series of books on Social Science, of which Prof. E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, is editor. As a writer on sociology Professor Dowd has gained wide reputation. He has made this subject a life-study and his works are accepted as standard at the State University. Which same is suggestive token that Professor Dowd is destined for re-location in the State of his nativity.

Paul Green's Thoughtful Plays of Negro Life

LONESOME ROAD. Six Plays for the Negro Theatre. By Paul Green. 217 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.

WHEN Paul Green was moved to characterize the six short dramas he has included under the title "Lonesome Road," he was badly advised. It is true that all of Mr. Green's six plays have to do with negro life; the persons are for the most part negroes; but we fail to understand the dramatist's use of the term "negro theatre." Does Mr. Green mean that the plays are to be acted only by negroes? Or is he using the term in the way in which the words "art theatre" or "national theatre" have come to be employed?

If the former is his intention, the reason for the limitation is not readily discernible. If he is using the words in the latter way we cannot see that any good is to come of breaking up the vast human field of the drama into this and that smaller acreage. Mr. Green has at the outset done himself as a playwright a grave injury. He has said, in effect, "See, I have written some little plays, but they are highly limited in range and scope." And the truth of "Lonesome Road" is exactly the reverse. But for the fact that the negro is of a different race from the majority of those he dwells among, and that his historical background is different, the problems which Mr. Green has seen posed for his dramatic exploitation would not have been presented him; but the problems themselves are profoundly human. And Mr. Green has seen them, not as negro problems but as human problems; and as such he has treated them dramatically. "Lonesome Road" is a collection of small dramas as profound as one is likely to meet, anywhere or at any time, and of more than ordinary significance.

The type of negro with whom Mr. Green is familiar—the author, by the way, is Professor of Philosophy in the University of North Carolina—is the Southern tenant-farmer, insufferably poor, ignorant, shiftless and largely animal. Mr. Green characterizes him as bearing "the brunt of the world's dirty work," and adds

For more than a hundred years he has built roads, leveled hills and forests, plowed the fields, sweated and groaned forth the great brag crops of naval stores, of cotton, tobacco and corn, with little or no reward, material or otherwise. Living in the vilest of huts, the prey of his own superstitions, suspicions and practices, beaten and

forlorn before God Almighty Himself—he has struggled helplessly the clutch of affliction and pain. He has perished by thousands in the long servitude of the white master. Unceasingly he has matched his strength with the earth that bore him, going in the end to rot unnoticed in the land he tilled. Such is his story before imagined justice.

In other words, here, with the pronounced caste-difference in operation to divide the white from the black, is the very root material for drama—a people elementally human, lively with imagination, but as frequently bleeding to the quick. Mr. Green, always with consummate dramatic disdain keeping himself aloof from his material, permitting himself to be neither propagandist for the negro nor the negro's contemner, has so handled his dramatic conceptions and situations as to produce effects at once powerfully moving, and beautiful in the sense in which a work of art dealing with a subject fundamentally ugly can be said to be beautiful.

In two of Mr. Green's plays out of the six which comprise the volume the theme is essentially the same, but differently directed. It is clearly Mr. Green's conclusion from observation that, although the individual negro here and there, man or woman, has a genuine longing for education, there is no such desire common to the race. Moreover, he seems also to be of the opinion that this desire on the part of the individual is not proof against the primitive within him, and when it comes to a battle between such desire and the primitive, the latter invariably wins. The primitive, furthermore, usually shows itself through a sudden crudescence of sex. In the play "In Abraham's Bosom" the negro boy forgets his yearning for school in his desire for a girl of his own race; in "The End of the Row" it is desire roused in a negro girl by the white man who has been furthering her education.

The play "White Dresses" is based on a situation highly repellent to those who do not wish to see, but clearly apparent to all who are not blind from willfulness. The drama turns on one phase of the general problem of miscegenation—a colored girl forced against her will to marry a "black nigger" to keep her from a white boy whose half-sister she really is. The play ends with the poignant words placed by the dramatist in the mouth of the old black grandmother: "I knows yo' feelings, chile, but you's got to smother 'em in, you's got to smother 'em in."

The short play which in the present book has the title "In Abraham's Bosom" is in point of fact but one scene—we take it that it is the opening scene—from a long play of the

same title, completed, we understand, but not yet published. The final playlet of the book, "Your Fiery Furnace" is the final scene of this long drama. It is a piece with much action. Abe, who has aspired to lead his race to higher things, has acted with justifiable severity toward his worthless son, who, to get revenge, convinces various whites that Abe is preaching revolt, and so brings about his father's death at the hands of the whites.

"The Hot Iron" is a play of justifiable murder of her husband by a black woman and gains its poignancy from the fact that no court of law would recognize the subtlety of the justification. "The Prayer Meeting," a piece of sharp contrasts and rapid changes, with flashes of the lyric, shows a truly upright and stern old colored mammy and a worthless grandson who has killed another colored boy.

The plays of "Lonesome Road" are hopeless; if one likes, pitiless. If, however, they seem cynical of the black man's future so long as he is in contact with the white, they appear equally cynical of the future of the white man in contact with the negro. But to draw any such conclusion is to look on the plays as propaganda; and this we refuse to do, believing, as stated above, that propaganda is not the purpose of the author.

Like them or not, the plays are literature. They are as near to being, in their smaller way, as truly American drama as "Ice Bound" or "Craig's Wife"—American prize plays. They are national as the Irish plays by Synge are national; and if in external beauty they fall below Synge it is because Mr. Green is dealing with humanity in more nearly the raw state. It is the present writer's guess that sooner or later these plays will emerge from the little theatres where up to now they have had their only showing and be seen on the professional stage. The long play-version of "In Abraham's Bosom," in which the author, it is clear from the two scenes printed here, suffers not at all from comparison with Eugene O'Neill, is certain to be produced professionally in the not distant future. coming of the boy changes all that. Hilda has no time to do his typing. In the evening, their time for intimate sharing, Hilda, worn out and half-asleep, is roused from her couch and torpor, not by the insistent demands of her husband to talk over his next novel, but by the proprietary yells of her sickly baby son.

Of course Christopher is obliged to hire a stenographer. The inference is strong that the gap left by Hilda is not to be mechanically filled. The click of keys under other fingers

and alien eyes upon his copy are not enough. Hilda has meant too much to him. His need for consolation is none the less not sufficiently stressed. His discovery that Mona is beautiful and desirable is rather abrupt. Thereafter Hilda's part is that of Cassandra: to predict unpleasantly the inescapable development of his benevolence toward Mona. When Mona has at length been eliminated, and Hilda has forgiven this minor physical infidelity, Miss Sinclair guides him with gentle irony into his fatuous entanglement with Mrs. Templeton. This is the last insult: Hilda sees for the first time on the proof sheets of the novel she has not read its dedication to this woman who has mentally and spiritually seduced her husband. The situation seems an impasse until fortunately the lease of Far End falls vacant. With their first hours they instantly recover their old ecstasy, and they are left playing with their children in the beloved garden.

"Far End" is not a comfortable book for masculine readers. Christopher, the novelist, is, after all, not a special case. His crisis of romantic bewilderment when his wife, his lover, his companion is swallowed up and lost to him in the mother of his children, and his finding solace with Mona, are perhaps not without parallel among substantial citizens. Miss Sinclair must therefore appear to have evaluated and clarified a rather common bit of drama. Her rescue of innocence and goodness—of Hilda, in short, from middle-class duplicity and from the effects of Christopher's wrong-headedness and misplaced idealism is entirely gratifying. A suspicion lingers, however, that Hilda, and Christopher with her, is being spared the consequences of maturity, and having children, in this somewhat sentimental rejuvenation within the shelter of Far End. The tiny doubt is enough to flaw the reading of the last chapter; it is insufficient to condemn even that brief part of this finely conceived and well-written book. The newest novel has much of Miss Sinclair's rich, latent wit, sound observation and tolerant wisdom. It is a satisfaction to mark the strong, unhurried documentation of fresh, original character. It seems that Miss Sinclair will never be exhausted.

TO PUBLISH BOOK OF HUMOR

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 11.—The new humor book, which is in preparation by Charles Upton, Mr. Upton is now editor of the Railroad Clatter column of the California Eagle.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION

- "Tides." Julian Street. (Double-day, Page & Co.)
 "Madame Storey." Hulbert Footner. (George H. Doran Co.)
 "The Blind Ship." Jean Barreyre. (The Dial Press.)
 "The Dark Dawn." Martha Ostenso. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 "Custody Children." Everett Young. (Henry Holt & Co.)
 "Green Gold of Yucatan." Gregory Mason. (Duffield & Co.)

NON-FICTION

- "Valentine As I Know Him." S. George Hillman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
 "Denatured Africa." Daniel W. Streeter. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
 "Island of the Living Comedy." Miguel Asin. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
 "Crashing Thunder — The Autobiography of an American Indian." Edited by Paul Radin. (D. Appleton & Co.)
 "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing." Samuel Hoffenstein. (Boni & Liveright.)
 "A History of Witchcraft and Demonology." Montague Summers. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Van Vechten's Book

By the Cameraman P.N.S.

Carl Van Vechten, author of "Nigger Heaven" and his publishers seem destined to make a fortune out of the same material. The new volume depicting Negro life in Harlem. In the same manner in which "Three Weeks" outsold "Rampage," and a score of other volumes of genuine merit "Nigger Heaven" seems destined to corral the present Negro sales market of literary "geeps." The supply is unlimited and the demand is like a whirlwind. Dusty volumes of Dunbar, DuBois and others, devoted to portrayals which the Negro needs, lead still go begging for buyers, but the printers of "Nigger Heaven" are working overtime to keep up with the law of demand.

It is reported that the Harlem Branch of the New York Public Library has on file more than fifty requests for the new story of Little Africa; while Howard University Library, from which a few years ago, was snatched a volume upon the general topics of ultra-socialistic principles, lest the students might be influenced by certain alleged colorful communist theories, will probably receive in ample supply of the volume "Nigger Heaven."

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"MISSING DAUGHTERS" LISCOMB'S NEW BOOK

Author Of Prince Of Washington Square Finishes New Volume

TO BE PUBLISHED LATER IN THE YEAR

Author Just 21 May Sign As Scenario Writer At Hollywood

NEW YORK.—(Special)—Harry F. Liscomb, famous newsboy novelist has just finished his latest novel entitled, "Missing Daughters," a sequel to his "Prince of Washington Square," to be published late this year by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

He aptly describes the book as the following: An authentic pano-

rama of the foibles of the younger generation and the insidious workings of the white slave traffic prevalent among them.

In an interview granted exclusively to a reporter for the Afro, the popular 21-year-old novelist who just recently became of age, revealed the fact that he had just finished after many painstaking months, the long awaited sequel to his first book.

When apprised by the interviewer that rumors were afloat to the effect he had signed a contract to write for Famous Players-Lasky corporation the youngster laughed quietly. "That's news to me," he said, his face beaming with pleasure.

But the youthful author made it plainly understood he would much prefer to have his signature placed on the aforementioned company's contract than any other, with the possible exception of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or First National.

Famous Players-Lasky

"I would like to sign with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for three years during which lapse of time I would like to write thirty-six scenarios for them," he went on modestly, "because the stories I have in mind would be readily adaptable to their stars. I have mentally speaking, mapped out five originals for Richard Dix, four for Pola Negri, three for Adolphe Menjou, three for Thomas Meighan and two for Clara Bow."

In addition the youngster would also like to write three stories teeming with Negro life in Harlem. One of them to be an epic story of the world war which he earnestly believes would make the "Big Parade" seem like a program picture.

Having been born and reared in Harlem young Mr. Liscomb is well fitted for the big task that confronts him.

No Bob

Harry frowns on the bobbed haired fad among the flappers and others of their ilk. He thinks that it has a tendency to detract rather than add to their beauty. He has mapped out the outlines of seventy-five future novels which will be included among the 300 books he intends to write.

Mr. Liscomb resembles a dynamo in action. He keeps going at top speed. He writes in a bold fearless style. He doesn't mince his words for the sake of propriety. "My motto is, Work hard and keep smiling," he spoke up cheerfully.

Off to Hollywood

After taking care of his business matters in this city he has definitely decided to entrain for Hollywood the latter part of the year to take up his permanent abode. Just before making his departure from the author's study the intrepid interviewer ventured to ask him concerning the veracity of the statement he was related to Alexander Dumas, the great French writer. Harry would neither affirm nor deny the rumor, although it is known on good authority he is a blood relative of the immortal author of "The Three Musketeers."

MR. JOHN HARRIS'S BOOK ON SLAVERY

"Slavery or 'Sacred Trust'?" By John H. Harris. Preface By Professor Gilbert Murray. 188 pp. and index. (Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. 5s. net.) *West Africa*

Put it to the average Briton in the somewhat rhetorical form, "Do you realise that liberty is to human beings a demonstrable necessity, just as much as air or water or food is?", and he would be likely to reply with a slangy, one-syllable word, beloved of the late Dr. "Jim." Yet he has always fought, will always fight, to establish the fact, in his own case. He showed that in August, 1914, and onwards. And it is his racial stock which has gone further, in asserting that vital principle, even for those of another race and colour, than any other. Lincoln and his chief supporters were of the British-descended Americans; just as they in South Africa who one day will assert the principle there are also in the main of the British stock. There is an element, of course, in the stock, which has not seen, or would not see, the truth. Our own scoundrels who engaged in the slave trade were as bad as any of the other non-British, scoundrels in it, and even to-day we have, to our debit, a section in East Africa which has the will to establish as law the old, bad principle, but happily lacks the power. Fortunately, the future in Africa is with the Britishism represented by such men as Mr. Harris and Professor Murray, who know what that other section is too stupid to know, namely, that there can be neither security nor enduring prosperity except on the basis of human liberty.

This book is an eloquent, convincing development of that unshakable argument. There are still, unhappily, up and down the world, largely in Africa, about 3,000,000 people enslaved under one pretext or another. To an extent, the case of these poor creatures seems even sadder than was that of the vast body of equally defenceless beings enslaved in the worst days; because, so sure is the average European, and particularly the average Briton, that the era of slavery is no more, that it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to raise on behalf of the 3,000,000 a movement for freedom marked by the fervour of that of the old time, when slavery was so very much more widespread. In one case, also, the leading case of Abyssinia, matters are complicated by the knowledge, on the part of everybody who knows the situation, that a serious proposal for armed intervention would certainly be manipulated by at least one European Power for purposes far from altruistic.

But there are on the side of progress two great facts which will decide matters the right way in the end. The first is the existence of the steady, forward work of the League of Nations. The second—or should one place it first?—is the existence of the influence of British and French West Africa. Perhaps there is a third—the noble story, here told afresh, of the abolition of slavery by the Maharajah of Nepal, action uninspired save by his own high heart, and accepted by the former slave-owners there with a degree of willingness which ought to silence those who say mankind does not progress. When one reflects upon it, this Nepal episode is perhaps the finest anti-slavery movement on record, because it came from within, and that in a continent which has for so long tolerated slavery.

Mr. Harris's title is as true as it is striking. It is slavery or "sacred trust." Mr. Ormsby-Gore's admirable report on West Africa states the case with resistless logic: African labour must be free or slave. Once admit a degree of compulsion, for private profit, and you admit the whole accursed system, which, among other evils, brings that of personal and national bankruptcy.

Mr. Harris's volume is at once an argument which forbids all notion of doubting that the right principle will con-

tinue the triumphs it has already won; and a call for support of all those agencies, first among them the free systems of West Africa and the work of the League, which are furthering the principle of freedom. It includes some wise and necessary passages upon the part which Germany, as a member of the League, is virtually bound to have allocated to her. The work has a useful appendix, giving texts of the League Mandates, and an index.

The "Different" Negro

The Negro in American Life. By Jerome Dowd. The Century Company. \$5. *Nation*

MR. DOWD is not a newcomer in the field of the Negro. He has been studying him for more than twenty years. Though he is a Southerner he has no violent antipathy toward the Negro, even while honestly believing him happiest "in his place." He is affiliated with the Inter-Racial Movement, and he is obviously deeply sincere in his desire to see as little friction as possible between the two racial groups. With such a background, one would expect a pronouncement from his pen to throw important light on the problem. *2-22-26*

One realizes with regret, however, that Mr. Dowd's habits of thought have not changed. Some years ago he attempted to make a study of the cultures of Africa. Two volumes of that work appeared, and no more. They are worthless. The slovenliness of intellectual habit shown in them was such as to make them useless for serious reference. The arrangement of the data was careless; Mr. Dowd's sources were most superficial; what monographic material existed was ignored. We have the same use of data in this book; it may be distinguished for its omissions. Unfortunately these include the most recent and important work, mostly published in scholarly journals, and practically unavailable to the general reader. It is obvious that Mr. Dowd does not know these papers. This is true not only in the biological sciences, where such lack of knowledge might be excusable, but in his own field of the social sciences. Let us see how serious these omissions are. *Vol. 123, No. 3207*

Mr. Dowd first gives a résumé of the historical background of the American Negro. Naturally he refers us to his own work for the African cultures, but not even to mention Phillips's standard work on slavery is inexcusable. Next comes a consideration of the Negro in the North since the Civil War. The thesis is that the Negro does not fare any better here than in the South, though most of the data presented come from sources (with the principal exception of the Report of the Chicago Race Commission) the scholarly character of which is at best doubtful. Then comes a discussion of the Southern Negro. We learn that Jim Crow cars are not any worse than the cars used by whites on branch lines, that lynching is bad but that whites are lynched as well as Negroes—always the shading, always the comparison of Negro conditions in the South with those of oppressed peoples elsewhere in the world, on the supposition, I take it, that several wrongs make a right. And, again with few exceptions, neglect of the best source material.

Part Four might better have been omitted. It discusses the part the Negro played in the World War, although just what relation this has to the author's subject is hard for me to see. The usual heroism is remarked, the usual cowardice, and one gains the impression, rather in spite of Mr. Dowd, that Negroes behaved about as the white troops did. We next come to Negro migration, and two naive points—that Negroes didn't migrate from the South because of poor treatment but because of blind economic causes, and that Negro migration hasn't hurt the South anyway because more whites than Negroes have migrated—are developed. The section is short and shortsighted in its discus-

sion, both of the causes and of the results. The boggy of the dissatisfied and trouble-making Mulatto, notably in the person of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, is held before the reader as the cause of much trouble. And the important work of such men as Charles Johnson and Abram Harris is quite ignored.

We then come to the Negro in literature and in art. Entertainingly enough, whites who write about Negroes are first considered. Octavius Roy Cohen is mentioned, though not Du Bose Heyward, while Thomas Nelson Page is described as "the outstanding literary exponent of the Negro of Virginia"! Then Negroes who write about themselves are mentioned—that is, some of them. Countee Cullen is recognized, but not Langston Hughes; Walter White is mentioned, but not Jessie Fauset or Eric Waldron. In the discussion of Negro folk-songs, Mr. Dowd knows of no one since Krehbiel, in spite of the excellent work of Odum and Johnson, James Weldon and Rosamund Johnson, Dorothy Scarborough, and others. On the stage, we are told of Gilpin but not Robeson. And so it goes. *XXIII, No. 3207*

The final three sections deal with proposed solutions of the Negro problem, the Negro future, and Paths of Hope. First we are told how Mr. Dowd chopped cotton with Negroes, played with Negro children, and all the rest of it. Then a short chapter is given to the argument of those who believe in racial equality—their views, incidentally, being quite misunderstood, since a statistical equality does not argue an individual one. The chapter on the inequality of races is much fuller, and the sources much more complete. It is unfortunate that Reuter's argument as to the social causes for the better position of the Mulatto is included here, as it gives a false impression of the position of Professor Reuter. But then we come to racial differences. Mr. Dowd discusses brain structure, but he does not even mention Bean's well-known work, disproved though it has been. He apparently has not heard of the remarkable work of Professor Todd on anatomical differences between Negroes and whites, or even the army measurements of Davenport and Love. He prefers Burmeister, and, looking in the bibliography, we note the date of this work as 1853! He restates the myths about the thick cranium of the Negro, his peculiar body odor, his lack of ability for sustained effort, and many other things. His chapter on the psyche of the Negro recites all the old standard stereotypes; while in his discussion of intellectual differences between Negroes and whites, Ferguson's monograph, which did most to establish difference—falsely, I think—is not even mentioned. The army psychological-test results are of course quoted, but through a secondary source. The discussion of the biological and psychological results of race mixture shows an extraordinary ability to miss the point of the matter, although the sociological consideration is somewhat better. The notoriously unreliable census figures for the number of mixed Negroes are quoted.

The rest of the book is taken up with a consideration of the solution of the Negro problem. Everything that has been said is repeated in some form or other, and the solution, other than "good homes, less politics, and more vision," consists, as far as I can see, of a pious hope for better relations. That these can come while conviction as to innate invidious differences persists, I cannot believe. And this book strongly hinders its own purpose by bolstering this hypothesis.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The Problem of Races

Rasse und Kultur. Von Friedrich Hertz. Leipzig: Alfred Kröner.

THERE are not many books that attack the exaggerate valuation of hereditary mental qualities of races and thus attempt to counteract the popular notion of a self-evident racial superiority on the part of the European—particularly of the "Nordic." Their effectiveness is limited by the difficulty of avoiding the appearance of partisanship in opposing opinions that are violently asserted and dogmatically accepted. Caution in the selection of undisputable data and a thorough mastery of the biological problem are, therefore, a fundamental necessity for success. Jean Finot's book, "Le préjugé des races," hardly fulfils these conditions. Much more satisfactory is "Das Rassenproblem," by Ignatz Zollschan, which, however, suffers from the disadvantage of being essentially an attack upon Anti-Semitism. In its earlier editions Dr. Friedrich Hertz's book "Rasse und Kultur" is essentially a criticism of Houston Stewart Chamberlain; its new, third edition of 1925, now before us, has been largely rewritten and takes up the problem in all its latest aspects.

The author discusses the social conditions making for racial antagonism and their influence upon the development of racial theories. He discusses the various human types and the relation between type and mental life; the interrelation of race and language; the problem of race mixture; the modern race theories, particularly those of Eugen Fischer, Hans Günther, and F. Lentz. This is followed by a special discussion of cultural phenomena in various groups and finally by a chapter on the conditions of cultural progress and on the psychology and ethics of race theories. His brief historical introduction sets forth the development of race theories and the interesting fact that the students of general history of human culture, who do not deal with the history of one particular area, have always been led to assume that the essential mental characteristics of all races are alike. In this his book is in agreeable contrast to the misstatements and misconceptions of Théophile Simar, who in his "Etude critique sur la formation de la doctrine des races" does not distinguish between the actual cultural individuality of nations or of other social groups and the theory of the hereditary determination of cultural forms. Thus it happens that he includes Herder among the defenders of the theories based on racial self-appreciation, although his great purpose was to teach the value of national and tribal individuality.

In the chapter on the physical basis of the mentality of races Dr. Hertz is not so fortunate. He brings forward material that shows clearly the inadequacy of alleged proofs which are believed to justify the exaggerated emphasis that is habitually laid on heredity and stability of type; but he does not succeed in establishing his thesis of a complete lack of correlation between race and mentality. We cannot accept as conclusive all the evidence by which he tries to establish the instability of types. At the present time it is just as impossible to prove conclusively that the hereditary mental characteristics of races are alike as that they are somewhat different; but his examination of the available data does prove that it is quite impossible to show any kind of superiority of one type over another. The author is undoubtedly right in emphasizing the adaptability of function to outer conditions. This implies that human types differing considerably in build may function physiologically and mentally in similar ways.

To the criticism of Gobineau and Chamberlain in earlier editions is added a critique of modern biologists who claim a close correlation between mental character and racial descent. His criticism makes it clear that the claim of a hereditary cause for the observed differences in the behavior of nations or racial groups rests on dogmatic assertion, not on biological proof. Nevertheless, the author hardly does justice to the serious attempts to find evidence for possible functional differences between racial groups. The necessity for such investigation is evident on account of the modern findings of experimental psychologists that have shown clear differences in reaction to the so-called intelligence tests among various nationalities. It has not been proved in the least that these differences are determined by heredity, but their existence must be considered and studied. The general tendency of Dr. Hertz to minimize heredity as against environmental influences brings it about that he underestimates the importance of heredity in family lines. The error in the argument of most investigators lies in the unjustifiable confusion of biological inheritance in family lines as against the distribution of form and function in racial groups containing a large number of unrelated family lines. It is more than likely that Dr. Hertz is right in claiming that functional racial heredity does not exist. At least, his arguments seem convincing when he sets forth that tradition controls the cultural life of nations, and that, as compared to its importance, hereditary differences may be neglected. He proves that for the purpose of understanding cultural development, the functional differences between races are negligible; but he has not succeeded in proving that there may not be slight hereditary differences between various races, particularly in so far as the frequencies of different hereditary types are concerned.

It is intelligible that a book dealing with racial antagonisms, a phenomenon of our time that is exciting the passions not merely of the masses and that involves the greatest danger to sane progress, should at times transgress the limits of objective discussion. We cannot help feeling that a greater restraint upon the praiseworthy enthusiasm of the author would have strengthened the influence of the book.

FRANZ BOAS

BOOK CHAT

MARY WHITE OVINGTON

"Negro Illegitimacy in New York City"

By RUTH REED. Published by the Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York City. Price \$2.25.

I LIKE occasionally to call the attention of readers of Book Chat to some college thesis upon a phase of the Negro question. While these are small contributions to the sum of human knowledge on our much discussed question, they do bring knowledge rather than discussion. A point greatly in their favor.

Ruth Reed has studied five hundred cases of Negro mothers in New York who have given birth to illegitimate children. She has taken her cases from the records of philanthropic agencies. They represent, she tells us, Negroes of the lower economic group, and we must be

cautious in extending our conclusions beyond Negro women of this group and of the city studied.

Miss Reed starts out with describing the status of the parents of an illegitimate child. In the United States the mother is held in the same relation to the illegitimate child as to the legitimate one. But in only one State, Minnesota, is the father held to the same degree of responsibility. Doubtless this is due to Minnesota's Scandinavian element, for in Norway we have the same position given to the father, and if he is unable to contribute the State lends assistance.

Quite early in the book we learn that illegitimacy cannot be explained in terms of race. "Rates among the Negroes," Miss Reed tells us, "are invariably higher than the corresponding rates for whites in the same communities, yet their rate varies with the rate for the whites and can be explained in terms of historical conditions and present social surroundings, without reference to the factor of race."

Climate, likewise, cannot explain illegitimacy. One can, however, note that "the unmarried mother group known to private and public social agencies appears to be made up of women from the lower economic groups whose educational and occupational opportunities have been exceedingly limited. A disproportionate number of dull and feeble-minded women are found in the group. A large proportion come from homes where relationships between parents were abnormal or where one or both parents were missing."

Taking up the definite five hundred Negro cases studies, Miss Reed, after a careful survey of conditions and after describing for us in detail fourteen particular cases, draws a few conclusions:

1. Two-thirds have come from an environment differing widely from that in which they were reared. Of this two-thirds, one-third were foreign born, chiefly West Indians.

2. Seventy-six per cent were under twenty-five years of age.

3. The percentage of illiteracy was double that of the percentage for the Negro throughout the city.

4. Eighty-five per cent had been engaged in domestic service. The percentage for the Negro was much higher in the city and seventh ward.

5. In two-thirds of the cases the child was kept by the mother at home or with her relatives while she went out to work.

The book has few generaliza-

tions. The writer cannot see that the Negro mother who has brought into the world an illegitimate child is different from the white mother.

She finds that the Negro is trying to conform to the standards about her. She is not creating any new types of morals. If she is a wage-earner oftener than the white mother, she does not theorize that that should give her greater sexual freedom. She finds that she can do best in America by conforming as far as she is able with the ideals of the white world. Such conformity helps her economically. She straightens her hair for this reason and lightens her complexion.

Much stress has been laid upon the imitateness of the Negro as a factor in his assimilation of American culture, but perhaps more important in bringing this about has been the granting of the withholding of the goods of life in proportion as the Negro conformed or did not conform to the ideals of the ruling group."

In Answer To Demand, Echo Herewith Presents Readers With List of Books By Negro Authors

With the contemporary Negro "renaissance" in literature, many readers, both white and colored, have evinced a growing interest in the work of contemporaneous and past Negro authors. Repeated inquiries have come to the Echo office for lists of books by Negro authors.

In answer to those queries, we are herewith presenting a comprehensive list of such books, which are readily available at the St. Paul Public library. For the list we are indebted to the library and to Reginald A. Johnson, colored attendant at the library, whose aid has been invaluable. We suggest that the list, which has permanent value, be clipped by our readers and put away for reference.

The list appended consists of approximately all of the books in the library by Negroes, but does not include books about Negroes by white authors. In addition to the books listed, an extensive file of newspaper clippings and pamphlets dealing with the Negro can be had from the reference room.

Also on file in the Reference room are the catalogs of the leading colored colleges and universities of the country. The Periodical department has on file several periodicals edited by Negroes such as, The Southern Workman, Journal of Negro History, Opportunity, The Crisis, and Others.

Biography

Chesnutt, C. W.
Douglas, F.
Edwards, W. J.
Hare, M. C.
Henson, Matthew.
Moton, R. R.

Fiction

Chesnutt, C. W.
Du Bois, W. E. B.
Dunbar, P. L.
Grimke, Angelina.
White, Walter F.

History

Brawley, B. G.
Cromwell, J. W.
Du Bois, W. E. B.
Handy, W. C.

Hunton, A. W.
Miller, Kelly.
Still, William.
Vass, S. N.
Washington, B. T.
Woodson, C. G.

Poetry

Braithwaite, W. S.
Cotter, J. S.
Cullen, Countee
Hughes, Langston
Johnson, Mrs. Georgia.
Johnson, James Weldon.
MacKay, Claude.
Ridout, Daniel Lyman.
Wilson, Joseph.

Miscellaneous

Locke, Alain LeRoy.

Braithwaite, W. S. B. 1878-

Anthology of magazine verse for 1913-1924. PS328A1B
Anthology of Massachusetts potes. 1922. PS292B8
Book of Elizabethan verse. 1907. Reference PR608 A1B38
Book of Georgian verse. 1909. PR608A1B4
Book of modern British verse. 1919. PR608A1B43
Book of restoration verse. 1910. PR608A1B42
Golden treasury of magazine verse. 1918. PS328A1B2
Poetic year for 1916. PN1271B8
Story of the great war. 1919. D522.7B7
Victory. 1919. D526.2B6

Brawley, B. G. 1882-

Negro in literature and art in the United States. 1918. E185.82B8
New survey of English literature. 1925. PR85B68
Short history of the American negro. 1922. F185B8
Short history of the English drama. 1921. PR625B8
Social history of the American negro. 1921. E185.6-B8
Women of achievement. 1919. E185.96B8
Your Negro neighbor. 1918. E185.8B8

Chesnutt, Charles W., 1858.

Colonel's dream. 1905. Fiction

Frederick Douglass. 1899. CT-D737C
House behind the cedars. 1900. Fiction
Marrow of tradition. 1901. Fiction
Wife of his youth, and other stores of the color line. 1899. Fiction

Cotter, J. S.

Band of Gideon and other lyrics. 1918. PS329C84B
Negro tales. 1912. Fiction

Cromwell, J. W.

Challenge of the disenfranchised. 1924. JK1924C8
Negro in American history. 1914. E185C9

Cullen, Countee.

Color. 1925. PS329C96C

Douglas, Frederick, 1817-1895.

My bondage and my freedom. 1855. CT1D737A
Narrative of the life of Frederick Douglas, an American slave, by himself. 1845. CT-D737
Du Bois, Ed. Burghardt, 1868-

College-bred negro American. 1910. LC2781D8
Common school and the negro American. 1911. LC2771D7
Darkwater. 1920. E185.5D8
Economic co-operation among negro Americans. 1907. HD3446Z5N3
Efforts for social betterment among negro Americans. 1909. HU3181D8

Gift of Black folk. 1924. E185D71
Health and physique of the negro American. E185.88D8
Morals and manners among negro Americans. 1914. E185D7
The negro. 1915. HT1581D8
Negro American family. 1908. E187D73

Negro artisan. 1902. E185.8D8
Negro in the south, his economic progress in relation to his moral and religious development. 1907. E185W3

Quest of the silver fleece. 1911. Fiction
Social and physical condition of negroes in cities. 1897. E185.88D9
Souls of black folk. 1903. E185D8

Suppression of the African slave

trade to the U. S. of America, 1638-1870. E441D8

Dunbar, Paul Lawrence, 1872-1906. Candle-lightin' time. 1908. PS329D89C

Complete poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. 1913. PS329D89A

Folks from Dixie. 1898. Fiction
The heart of happy hollow. 1904. Fiction

Howdy, honey, howdy. 1905. PS329D89H

Joggin' erlong. 1906. PS329D89A1

Life and works of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. 1907. PS329D89L1

Li'l gal. 1904. Fiction
Love of Landry. 1900. PS329D89L2

Lyrics of lowly life. 1896. PS329D89L2

Lyrics of sunshine and shadow. 1905. PS329D89L2

Lyrics of sunshine and shadow. 1905. PS329D89L25

Lyrics of the hearthside. 1913. PS329D89L3

Poems of cabin and field. 1899. PS329D89P

Speakin' o' Christmas. 1914. PS329D89S

Sport of the gods. 1902. Fiction
Strength of Gideon, and other stories. 1900. Fiction

The uncalled. 1898. Fiction
Edwards, Wm. James, 1869-

Twenty-five years in the Black belt. 1918. E185.82E3

Grimke, Angelina Weld, 1880-
Rachel, a play. 1920. PS359G87R

Handy, W. C.

Blues. 1926
Hare, Mrs. Maud Cuney, ed.

Message of the trees; an anthology of leaves and branches. 1918. PN6110N2H3

Six Creole folk-songs with original Creole and translated English text. 1921. M1668.8H3

Haynes, George Edmund, 1880.
The trend of the races. 1922. E185.61H4

Henson, Matthew Alexander, 1866-
Negro explorer at the North pole. 1912. G670H5

Hughes, Langston, 1902-
Weary blues, 1926. PS329H894W

(Continued next week)

BOB MARSHALL SIGNED BY PROFESSIONAL TEAM

(From The Minnesota Daily)

Bobby Marshall, former University of Minnesota football luminary, was signed by the All-Stars aggregation of Minneapolis last Friday.

Marshall is admitted to be one of the oldest active football players in the country, but despite his years he is one of the most able men in the professional game. Since leaving the University of Minnesota he has played professional baseball every summer and professional football every fall.

Bob Marshall entered the University from Central high school in 1899 and under the coaching of Dr. Williams became one of the greatest ends of collegiate football. He reached the height of his career in the Minnesota-Michigan game in 1903 which ended in a 6-6 tie. Since then he has played football with many strong professional teams and baseball with the Colored Gophers.

Culture Charting

The Relation of Nature to Man in Aboriginal America,
by Clark Wissler. New York: Oxford University Press.
248 pages. \$3.50.

DOCTOR WISSLER'S title is something of a misnomer, for his book only incidentally attempts to correlate native cultures with the New World environment. In fact, only the last ten pages are devoted to human geography, which accordingly receives summary treatment. This is regrettable, for the subject is of perennial interest, and, moreover, there are few topics on which the lay mind needs so much corrective information. What the author emphasizes is in part true enough, to wit, that man depends on the flora and fauna of his habitat, and that specialization of culture signifies adaptation to these determining conditions. However, it is hardly possible to stop at this point without encouraging misconceptions. For example, we read: "Pueblo culture is, therefore, an affair of this semi-desert area and confined to it." But Pueblo culture is rooted in tillage of the soil and its character would be completely changed if maize with all its correlates, including rain ceremonials, were taken out. Yet nothing is more certain than that this plant was introduced from the south, so that the ecological factors stressed by Doctor Wissler operate only in so far as they permitted its introduction and fostered a special horticultural technique. Moreover, it is a notorious fact that all kinds of tribes, such as the Navajo, occupy the same habitat, yet have achieved a basically distinct form of adaptation. A finer analysis, including in its scope historical as well as geographical determinants, thus seems indispensable.

A similar comment is suggested by Doctor Wissler's discussion of the plains Indians. He conceives their culture as an adjustment to the bison, and argues that "the most typical tribes," "the richest cultures," were found where pasturage and favorable climate produced the thickest bison herds. If we define plains culture and "richest" in terms of utilization of the buffalo, then the statement is indeed not only true, but a truism. But if we proceed in purely empirical fashion, it is not clear why the partly horticultural Mandan, Omaha and Pawnee are to be reckoned less typical than their non-sedentary neighbors; and it is evidently the cultivators and not the roaming buffalo-hunters that attained a richer mode of life. And again, if we inquire whence came the impetus to such higher developments, we must look beyond the geographical environment and take into account certain historical relationships.

However, the anthro-geographical close is merely the frosting on the cake. What really interests Professor Wissler is the search for a universal law of diffusion—one that shall hold equally for bodily and cultural phenomena. The reviewer cannot help feeling that this attempt to synthesize biological and ethnological phenomena from the same angle is an unfortunate one. Without entering in detail into the technicalities of the chapter on Somatic Traits, it suffices to note that here heredity inevitably obtrudes itself in Doctor Wissler's dis-

cussion, while in the remainder of the book it can be ignored. Incidentally, several points in this section strike the reader as strange. Why are the Rehoboth breeds made to figure as "African Negro-white hybrids"? The Hottentots are indeed according to most authorities Negroid, but their yellow skins make them stand apart from the typical Negro and eminent writers have suggested a partly Mongoloid ancestry for them. Another statement would lead one to suppose that practically all physical anthropologists treat round-headedness as a trait that has arisen only once in the history of mankind. Undoubtedly there are advocates of this view; but an apparently increasing school insists on distinguishing, even in Europe alone, at least two separate brachycephalic stocks—the Dinaric (Adriatic) and the Alpine; not to mention the several local types reported from Russia and Poland.

To limit comment to the law of diffusion as Doctor Wissler holds it to operate in culture, we may summarize it as follows. All traits tend to spread in all directions. They appear first in a definite centre from which they are diffused in simple form; subsequently elaborations occur in the same spot and are diffused in turn. Distribution, in other words, when plotted on a map, assumes "the concentric zoned form" and we can safely infer a relative chronology from the observed space relations. In illustrating this principle the author ransacks every department of culture, from the conical-roofed lodge of the plains to the mother-in-law tabu and the Sun Dance. His devotion to it borders on the mystical and sometimes makes him stretch a point in the interpretation of the evidence. For example, if the Peyote cult originated along the Rio Grande but died out there, is it not arbitrary to take the Kiowa of Oklahoma as the centre of distribution on the plea that they disseminated the dispensation in its modern form?

The author, however, demonstrates in completely convincing manner that cultural phenomena are not distributed at random over the surface of the globe but spread in a manner that admits of exact cartographic representation. Further, this can be done not only for such tangible artifacts as stone collars but quite as well for the more elusive elements of aboriginal ceremonial. Indeed, as Dr. Ruth Fulton Benedict has shown, even the subtleties of the vision-quest are amenable to the same sort of treatment. By exemplifying this far from obvious idea through a profusion of concrete examples Doctor Wissler has rendered an important service of popularization. ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Books in German.
DIE RELIGIONEN DER AFRIKANER IN
IHREM ZUSAMMENHANG MIT DEM
WIRTSCHAFTSLEBEN DARGESTELLT
VON CARL MEINHOF. Pamphlet.
Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University
Press/ 2-26-26. *Review*
A study in African religions. *44*

ROANOKE, VA.

NEGRO AS ARTISAN SUBJECT OF STUDY

Roanoke College Professor
Advocates Training for
Crafts

Charlottesville, Nov. 20 (Special).—An optimistic view of the future for Virginia negroes in the skilled trades and crafts is taken by Dr. Raymond B. Pinchbeck in his study of "The Virginia Negro Artisan and Tradesman," just published as number seven of the University of Virginia Phelps-Stokes fellowship papers.

Dr. Pinchbeck, who is now professor of business administration at Roanoke College, completed this study while attending the University of Virginia, where he was holder of the Phelps-Stokes fellowship. This fellowship was established in 1912 by a gift from the Phelps-Stokes fund to stimulate interest in the study of the problems of the negroes in the southern states.

"Negro Housing Conditions in Certain Virginia Cities," is the subject of the eighth study by Charles L. Knight, which is to be published in the near future. Both of these studies were made under the supervision of Dr. Tipton R. Snively, of the school of economics.

Covers Progress Since 1620

From 1620, when the first cargo of Africans were landed in the Virginia colony, Dr. Pinchbeck traces the conditions of the skilled negro workers down to the present day. The study contains 146 pages in which the facts found by Dr. Pinchbeck are set out.

"It is of greatest importance that Virginia realize that the progress of the state will be seriously handicapped so long as practically one-third of the population remains in the ranks of the unskilled," writes Dr. Pinchbeck in his concluding chapter.

"The state has left the support of higher institutions of technology for negroes largely dependent upon private sources of revenue. As a result, there exists a kind of paternalism growing out of the fact that the state has left the support of even the few negro institutions of this type dependent upon philanthropy of a relatively small number of wealthy individuals.

"The negro possesses what has been termed by some as a natural propensity for work in the trades. But the failure of the public schools to provide the proper courses in their curricula is evidenced by the large percentage of the negroes who do not attain the vocation of their choice.

Should Dignify Crafts

"The type of education needed for whites and negroes in Virginia is that which will not only reveal and develop

the latent powers of the children of both races according to their several abilities, but which will also show the dignity and importance of skilled craftsmanship in mechanical vocations as well as in the professions and so-called higher pursuits.

"Technical education should not supplant general education, but should supplement the curricula and provide that type of instruction which will attempt to adjust the individual to that part of the economic system of society in which he most aptly fits."

RARE SOUTHERN BOOK
SOUGHT BY HISTORIAN

Athens, Ga., December 10.—(Special).—"Masters and Servants," by Bishop H. M. McTyre, of Charleston, S. C., published in 1850, now out of print, is the title of a book which Dr. William E. Dodd, professor of American history in the University of Chicago, is anxious to see in connection with a history of the south he is preparing at this time. Dr. Dodd, while in Athens recently, expressed the belief that a copy of the book might possibly be in some Georgia public or private library, in which case he desires that the owner communicate with him.

"If anybody who sees this notice can help me get a copy, I shall be greatly obliged," Dr. Dodd says. The book, according to a Chicago professor, "gives an excellent view of the social bearings of slavery." Dr. Dodd's copy of the book was when he loaned it to the writer of a recent life of Lincoln.



New York Times Book Review
DENATURED AFRICA
 10-17-24
 By Daniel W. Streeter

An African chronicle, not quite as dark as the continent is reputed to be, but rather a frank, humorous account of a non-professional explorer. He not only tears the veil from the land of darkness, but leaves that veil in such condition that it can never be restored.

Illustrated, \$2.50

New York Times Book Review
THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE

by Jerome Dowd

A profound and comprehensive study of the Negro since slavery—his history, his present status in the economic, political and social order, together with a projection of his future. The result of 25 years' research by the Professor of Sociology at Oklahoma University.

\$5.00

THE CENTURY CO.—Publishers of Enduring Books

TROPIC DEATH. By Eric Walrond. 283 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

TR**O**PIC DEATH takes rank with Jean Toomer's "Cane" as a bravely beautiful collection of short stories by a man of negro blood. Eric Walrond dominates the life of the negro in the American tropics as Mr. Toomer visualized his ways of being in the Southern country and the Northern cities of the United States. He has given us a complete picture of this transplanted race in America. Mr. Walrond ranges over the islands of Jamaica and Barbados, depicts the teeming multitudes that helped to build the Panama Canal, dips into

Honduras and the jungles of the Guianas of South America. The stories are objective and immediate. Mr. Walrond dramatizes the present moment with overpowering actuality, yet he conveys a universe of implication. Terror and superstition and grim humor, obvious tenderness and childlike sensuality and swift, brutal enmity are recorded impartially by Mr. Walrond almost in the one paragraph. A crowding, thrusting, contradictory and absorbingly interesting energy, as of life itself, is conveyed. The first story, "Drought," tells of a poverty-stricken family on an island of the West Indies. Their garden has dried up, the raincask is almost empty, the brook is bare, yet they cling to their rights, as British subjects, to their daily tea. The fam-

ished baby girl, filling up her mouth and her swollen, stiffened abdomen turbs, oppresses and enchants the with the marl dust, is sketched casually, almost indifferently. Poor little Beryl makes graphic the horrible plight of the darkies more vividly than pages of sentimental detail, of accumulated starvation. Coggins and his daughter are enough to break one's heart, yet Mr. Walrond offers no comment persuasive of commiseration. The story has been experienced rather than read.

"The Black Pin" is another sort of story. It deals with "obeeah" (voodoo) mysteries. The intense hatred between neighboring families is indicated obliquely yet authoritatively. The vindictiveness, the motiveless venom of Zink Diggs, as seen from poor, hard-working April's precarious establishment, are preparations for the ready acceptance of the sudden, surprising developments of the magic pin. The punishment of Diggs has the quality of a nightmare, the breath-taking appropriateness of a folktale. In a similar vein "The White Snake" unobtrusively builds up to a shock of unrelieved fear and dread at the very end. Mr. Walrond tells of Seenie and her baby with a sort of sardonic insistence on the ordinary qualities of their life. Seenie brings the unhappy brat scalding pepper soup, after which the mouth must be held over a flame for cooling, in order to stir him up and give him an interest in life. How pleased the drowsy Seenie was that pitch-black night when the aroused baby pulled and tugged at her proffered breast in a reassuringly lively fashion, and what a frightful thing it was to wake up and find.

"The Vampire Bat" bodies forth the nameless, shapeless menace of the unknown in a fashion that would have done credit to Ambrose Bierce. "Tropic Death," the title story, brings in the negro who has abandoned African mysteries for British Nonconformist chapels, and has begun to ape the pernickety and respectability of the lower middle-class Britisher. The fate which overtakes the unfortunate family is all the more dreadful for its implied impact upon a heightened sensitiveness. "The Yellow One" is a gem of a story of sultry, tropical eroticism. "The Wharf Rats" is a terrifying vision of sudden death in the water, between the irresistible teeth of a shark. Miss Buckner, sitting on "The Palm Porch," exemplifies certain aptitudes of the white man in the tropics, and his meaninglessness of life in that fetid country. "Subjection" gives another angle the conquest of the Canal Zone.

"Tropic Death" maintains an almost Olympian detachment toward human affairs. Yet the dramas, the tragedies, the sardonic comedies of these mystified, helpless blacks are unendurably poignant. Mr. Walrond has brought a creative vision and a pleasingly bizarre skill with words to his undertaking. He has

BIBLIOGRAPHY ON NEGRO IN INDUSTRY

Washington, Oct. 20.—Under the title, "The Negro in Industry," Helen Morse Pier and Mary Louisa Spaulding (white) have compiled a selected bibliography of references to Negro life in America. The compilation was made in connection with the course given by the Library School of the University of Wisconsin. The bibliography contains nearly 400 definite topics discussed by leading white and colored scientists and experts of the United States. The principal subjects treated are Statistics, Economic Conditions, Employment, The Negro in Agriculture, Negro Women and Children in Industry, Organized Labor, Migration, The Health of the Negro, The Negro in the City, Housing, Public Health, Recreation, Disease, Economic Waste, Mortality, Psychology, and Health Resources.

BOOK CHAT

by
 MARY WHITE OVINGTON

"Primitive Negro Sculpture"

By PAUL GUILLAUME AND THOMAS MUNRO. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Price, \$6.00 postpaid.

"INTO modern plastic art, particularly Negro sculpture, has by the modern contribution thrown a ferment that must inevitably go on working. These are a general method and a storehouse of materials. * * * After catching the spell of its vigorous and seductive rhythms, no artist can return to academic banalities. * * * In an age when more than one voice has been heard to say that sculpture is obsolete, and the plastic arts exhausted, Negro art has brought creative forces that may prove to be inexhaustible." and it attempts to do this in sympathy with the artist who made the mask or fetish. We have a short description of the surroundings and the psychology of the Negro who, after a period of intensive activity, spent days of pleasant idleness carving with his knife the image that was an important part of his household life. One of the first things that we learn is that we must look upon the Negro statue with eyes ready

to recognize the new, not unable to accept anything but the old. Academic sculpture is Greek, with its flowing draperies, its efforts to approach reality as nearly as possible. The sculpture of the Negro is very different. It does not attempt to depict an ideal figure that would be humanly desirable if we saw it in flesh and blood—it may depict a mask that shall be worn at a religious festival. It is not something that shall be as much as possible like the human face. In a superb Ivory Coast mask, photographed in the book, we see how the artist has exaggerated certain curves and left others out altogether, but in so doing he has expressed something extraordinarily powerful and tragic, and yet something distorted, not a copy of a face, but his own creation. We must learn, so this book reiterates, to accept free distortions of the body. A piece of Negro sculpture must not be looked at as a whole, but each part must be studied. "The figure must be dissociated into its parts, regarded as an aggregate of distinct units: the head, limbs, breast, trunk, and so on, each by itself."

Like so many beautiful things, Negro art is a matter of the past. As the white man came, the Negro artist disappeared. Only in Benin, under Portuguese influence, did one have any blending of white and black man's art, and there Negro art became weakened. If one sees a Negro at work with his knife today he is an imitator only, dully attempting to get back something that is lost. But if the Negro can no longer produce the plastic beauty which was once so common among his race, he can flatter himself that the forms

THE NEGRO MIND

THE MIND OF THE NEGRO AS REFLECTED IN LETTERS DURING THE CRISIS, 1890-1896. Edited by Carter G. Woodson. 672 pp. Washington, D. C.: The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc. \$5.

THIS copious collection of letters written by negroes through over half a century of slavery makes an interesting contribution to the record of the sociologic and psychologic features of that period. More than two hundred individuals are represented, several of them by more than one letter. Mr. Woodson has classified them in four groups; namely, letters written to the American Colonization Society, which organized and administered the movement to send free negroes to Liberia there to form a self-governing colony; those to anti-slavery workers and agencies; a large number chiefly personal and private; a small group dealing with miscellaneous matters. In addition, the editor quotes in his

introduction letters from several negroes of some achievement who were well known prior to the period which limits the selections in the body of the volume.

By far the most interesting of these eighteenth century free negroes was Benjamin Banneker, a mathematician and astronomer who won the favorable attention of Thomas Jefferson. From Jefferson's account of him, written to Condorcet, he appears to have had no admixture of white blood, for he was "the son of a black man born in Africa and a black woman born in the United States." Jefferson got him employment under one of the chief directors in the surveying and laying out of Washington, and in gratitude he made for Jefferson an almanac which so pleased that learned man and statesman that he sent it to his friend in France, Condorcet. Banneker also addressed to Jefferson a long letter, which Mr. Woodson quotes in full, in which, in the large, flowing, meticulously polite rhetoric of that day, he very accurately and efficiently hit on the head the insincerity and illogic of the declaration in a country practicing slavery that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are man's inalienable rights. Apparently the hit went home, and perhaps rankled, for years afterward Jefferson described Banneker as having had a mind "of very common stature indeed." Banneker worked out an elaborate scheme for the development and inculcation of the sentiment and policy of peace which included factors as varied as the appointment of a Secretary of Peace and the singing of anthems in favor of peace by young ladies dressed in white.

Among the negroes whose letters are quoted with reference to the colonization scheme is John B. Russworm, who was the first black man to receive a college degree in the United States. He was graduated from Bowdoin College and some time later, in the early eighteen-thirties, joined the colony in Liberia, where he played an important part.

Mr. Woodson thinks that the letters addressed to anti-slavery workers and agencies by free negroes in the North are more dependable in their reflection of the real thinking and feeling of the negroes of that period than any others and he devotes to them almost half his space. Both in these and in those quoted in other sections one discerns always, what is perhaps the most significant feature of them all, the ardent desire for freedom and opportunity, the longing to struggle up and out of the overwhelming handicaps the white race had forced upon them. As a whole the selection presents such an insight into the mentality and temperament of the negro during the period of slavery as can hardly be found anywhere else.

Tropic Death

Tropic Death, by Eric Walrond. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

THE ten stories gathered in *Tropic Death* have three separate sources of distinction which differentiate them from contemporary fiction. They are almost the virgin workings of a rich new field, the black West Indies, where a seething mass of conglomerate races and colors provide the mobile labor force needed to exploit the tropics. The gangs that cultivate the sugar plantations of Barbadoes and Cuba, the banana fields of Jamaica and Costa Rica, that dug the Panama Canal, are of every shade of black, brown, yellow, of Portuguese, Spanish, French, English, American Indian and East Indian descent—but pre-vaillingly African. Nearly forty years ago Lafcadio Hearn caught up in his *Two Years in the West Indies* some of the color of all this, especially among the French islands (which Walrond doesn't touch) and colored gracefully, sympathetically, their abundant folklore. But Hearn for all his quick imagination saw from the outside as a visitor and a white man.

Walrond handles this material from the inside, as a Negro with, one suspects, a direct experience of the labor gangs. This is the second important distinction. His dramatic presentation of character in dialogue, in a vernacular so literal as not always to be readily intelligible, is masterly, convincing. The African temperament, modes of thought, have never been more exactly interpreted in language. He has no propaganda, raises no race question, nor is there in the writer's mind a mutinous background of controversy or resentment. He writes of this colored world as if practically it was the only world—as he should and as no other Negro so far as I remember has written.

The third distinction is a personal triumph. Walrond is an artist working not imitatively in subservience to the accepted literary traditions of an alien race, but in his own manner suited to his own material—as an equal. Consequently the reader accepts his accomplishment, not with condescension because of his racial origin, but for itself as a challenge and a performance, in its own fresh field. That is not to say that Walrond has escaped his English schooling wholly untouched. He uses a few conventional terms such as the inappropriate term "peasants" or "peons" for the black laborers of the West Indies, and what is worse he slips occasionally into the accepted melodramatic interpretation of character familiar in the magazine story.

But these lapses into the unreal are surprisingly few. Never when the action is important.

Descriptively Walrond uses his flaming semi-tropical backgrounds, of metallic sea, gleaming sand, green jungle with a nervous, poignant intensity. These West Indies, that is, Barbadoes and the Isthmus where all but one of the stories are set—and more indirectly Jamaica and British Guiana—palpitate under his touch with light, heat, color. His sense of color in words is remarkable, also the audacity of verbal manipulation. It is all intensely nervous, impressionistic, syncopated, even disorderly.

For concise irony not even de Maupassant surpassed the

conclusion of *Subjection*, which narrates the brutal killing of Ballet by a U. S. Marine—"In the Canal Record, the Q. M. at Toro Point took occasion to extol the virtues of the Department which kept the number of casualties in the recent native labor uprising down to one," or the deft end of *The Palm Porch* after the night's killing—"Miss Buckner, while Zuline sewed a button on her suede shoes, was endeavoring to determine whether she'd have chocolate soufflé or maidenhair custard for luncheon that afternoon."

Superstition, the folklore of the West Indian black, is used knowingly, accurately as the psychological background of a life where zombi and "fire hags" and obeah are as natural as chapels and crosses. Only in one instance has the author mixed his stories, *The Vampire Bat*, in order to heighten the effect. For Walrond the picture is the thing always, as it should be. Let the reader supply what meaning he will. He creates pictures and characters, easily, prodigally, as from a rich fund of experience. He is careless of composition, as the younger writers of the day often are, disdaining unity and coherence in their effort to seize a deep reality. Yet, composition—selection and the unifying process of the mind—is the condition of all art. With Walrond it may be the influence of sophisticated fashion which makes him shovel out his raw-flesh facts so prodigally and without regard for order. Or it may be due to the rich inexperience of youth to be mastered with growth in his craft. For there is no discernible reason why the creator of *Tropic Death* should not go much farther in this field which he has quite to himself, the sense of which is all in his blood, its color and its human complexity. At last we may have a real picture of that Spanish Main from one of its own people, not the picture book romanticized version that Westward Ho and its many feeble successors have given.

ROBERT HERRICK.

IS THE WHITE RACE DECLINING?

A French Observer Sees the Twilight of Its Imperialism

THE TWILIGHT OF THE WHITE RACES.
By Maurice Muret. New York: Charles
Scribner's Sons. \$3.

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

FOR the purpose of being thoroughly unhappy about the outlook for Western civilization, M. Muret's volume is not so helpful as its title might imply. The message is insufficiently catastrophic. It does not describe the disaster just around the corner. It goes so far as to avow an unpopular belief in the somehow good. The author takes serious note of Spengler's falling Occident, but he recalls that Rome was an unconscionable time ago. He is impressed by the rising tides of color, but he believes that it will take more than one tide to sap the white foundations. He sees great races in decline, but not so fast as one would imagine. In other words, when most prophets say twilight and mean crash and doom, this French writer means just what he says. He pictures the long dusk of a Summer's day, tinged of course with melancholy, but rich in beauty, promising still some hours of ripe living before the dark descends, and furnishing no occasion for clenched fists and guilty outcries of despair:

No, the white race, in spite of its faults, has not yet said its last word, and although it is surrounded by enemies daily more numerous, more powerful, more prepared to fight it, may still add to the benefits it has conferred on mankind. * * * After all that the West has done for the North, the South for the East, it can go down to the grave unashamed, and if, at the end, it lacks splendor, it has had divine moments.

Not a bad note on which to usher out an old year and salute its successor.

Woodrow Wilson and Nikolai Lenin are two personal forces behind the disorder with which M. Muret sees the world now struggling. He does not doubt that Woodrow Wil-

son's intentions were honest as his influence was prodigious. But when Wilson launched the self-determination of peoples, he "spread through the world a revolutionary ferment of untold violence and of unparalleled efficacy, whose results it is impossible to foretell." Bolshevism seized upon the Wilson doctrine and turned it to its own uses. Outside of Russia, the Communist doctrine battles under the flag of anti-imperialism; that is to say, of self-determination. In China, in India, in the Near East, in Morocco, a pinch of perfunctory incense is thrown on the Communist altar. The colored peoples are invited to rise against their own "capitalists." But the heart of the native worshiper beats only against the foreign master. A Cantonese Government wins Southern China and threatens to take all China by practicing the Communistic technique. Battles are won less by fighting than by propaganda in the enemy's rear. Trade unions are organized at Hankow. It is proposed to organize the new régime on the "committee system"; that is to say, on the Soviet system. But the driving force is not Lenin, but Wilson:

not proletarianism, but nationalism; the real enemy is not the capitalist, but the foreigner.

Woodrow Wilson, then, furnished the ammunition with which the peoples of Asia, partly under Bolshevik stimulus and instruction, are now bombarding the ranks of European ascendancy. "A motley crowd of quickened and hostile peoples rise up against the imperialism of the white race." Ultimately they will win, but the counter-attack which some foresee, a victorious Asia sweeping over Europe and engulfing it, is not among the visions that trouble M. Muret. He recalls that the Byzantine Empire, far less powerful than organized Europe of today, stood off the Asiatics for centuries. The conflict will be prolonged. The West will doubtless have the benefit of long breathing spells, and it is not at all certain that for the West all will be lost. All is not lost because adversities with new rights and new ideals have replaced the conquerors of yesterday. Perhaps the sun which rises on the morrow of our twilight will shine on a renewed and reinvigorated human society." Apparently, then, it is the twilight of white imperialism and not the twilight of the white races we must be reconciled to.

Stimulated by M. Muret's cheerful resignation, the mind turns to more immediate

forecasts. What does 1927 hold for Western democracy at home in the West? The signs are good. Despair about democracy is still popular between book covers. The number of Americans who have met Mussolini and are convinced that he is the greatest product of time since Napoleon is still impressively large. Thinkers are still scanning the horizon for substitutes for universal suffrage and parliamentarism. Jean Jacques Rousseau is still under heavy fire as accessory before the fact of the Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution. Yet it is difficult to see how any one who has carefully

read his newspaper—that admirable antidote for heavy books and scholarly apocalypses—can escape the conviction that European democracy in December, 1925, is decidedly looking up as compared with December, 1925. Less than a year ago people were waiting for the news of a Strong Man riding up the Champs Elysées. He has failed to turn up. The nation that first gave democracy to the Continent has continued to work the original patent along the original lines. That is to say, France has squabbled, orated, palavered, pulled wires, wasted time, wasted energy, but somehow toed the mark. The French budget has been balanced, the French taxpayer's yells of agony have subsided into a pitiful sobbing, the franc has been saved, after the good old rule of democratic hurly-burly.

Early last Summer, if France slipped, Great Britain would slip. Just how much the French relapse would have counted across the Channel is now academic. It remains to be recorded that Great Britain has not slipped. She has surmounted a general strike and a coal strike. A. J. Cook is not installed at Westminster, but is visiting in Moscow. The Strong Man who would save Britain from the trade unions was never brought into action. The trade unions democratically tamed themselves. There will

be sessions of the British Parliament after the holidays. There will also be sessions of the German Reichstag. On the balance sheet of European democracy as spread for popular perusal, Germany has been strangely overlooked. It is time that the omission were rectified. Counting gains against losses, it is obvious that the German entry in black ink atones for the red in Italy, Spain and minor Mediterranean member.

still more discipline in a country supposed to think and breathe as one with its great leader? The news insists on filtering out that 40,000,000 Italians do not all think and breathe as one. A great deal of independent thinking is going on, a good deal of cursing under the breath. There is restlessness in Fascism. In democratic Europe people are most of the time in each other's hair. They flourish their arms. They get blue in the face. But democratic Europe conveys that sense of growing stability which the stability of Caesarism sadly fails to convey. In Italy there is no hair-pulling, no debating, no newspapers—and yet, and yet—

But unquestionably the most heartening development for the

Reichstags and Presidents, by voting in plebiscites, by forming Government coalitions, by squabbling, voting, pulling wires, organizing majorities, combining minorities, by all the devices of a discredited democratic procedure, Germany has pulled herself out of the economic mire and heaved herself into the League of Nations. Germany has been rapidly getting well, and without the ministrations of the Strong Man in black or the Strong Man in red.

In the opposite camp, things have not been going so well. In Rome and in Moscow, where liberty simply isn't done, there have been chronic rumblings. They rise, at regular intervals, into clamor. It is true, as stated above, that Americans continue to bring away from an interview with Mussolini a sense of awe which they have not experienced since they last shook hands with Julius Caesar. But the enthusiasm sounds a bit forced. There is a great deal of formula. In recent months the Caesarean gesture has taken on more than a touch of the burlesque. Why all the decrees, fulminations, evocations of the spirits of Scipio Africanus and Caius Octavius? Why all the outcries for discipline and

democratic faith is that at the beginning of 1927 in Russia of all places, Leon Trotsky of all men is clamoring for democracy. To be sure, he asks for only a modest instalment. He wants democracy within the Communist Party. He would apparently be content, within the Communist Party, that the dictatorship shall continue to act if only the Opposition is conceded the democratic right to speak out. Still, he does use the discredited word, with consequences that are fairly obvious. Further conclusions will inevitably be drawn. If democracy is the cure for a corrupt and inefficient Stalin dictatorship over the Communist Party, people will go on to ask why democracy is not a good antidote for a Communist dictatorship over the Russian people. In Trotsky's following there are men who have, almost, phrased this question. They advocate the legal establishment of other political parties. There are "bourgeois" and "Nepmen" active in Russia. They should be allowed to express themselves. There is a great mass of peasant sentiment represented by the formerly dominant Socialist Revolutionary Party. The S. R.'s should be tolerated. The hated Mensheviks should be permitted to have their say. Better this democratic method of allowing people to group themselves according to their beliefs than a "single" Communist Party racked this valuable work, and such exhibitions as those held by the Chapin Library may be regarded as typical of the excellent cooperation given by progressive librarians.

One of the indications of the gradual establishment of the Chapin Library in the consciousness of the student body, writes Miss Osborne, is the fact of their turning to it in cases where some point is reached in their work not answered by other resources. That the library's third year should find undergraduates thus resorting to it is an encouraging sign, for it is on this reference work with individuals that the custodian can most effectively build. Exhibits may and do attract attention, which in some cases stimulates individual inquiry concerning a point suggested by a book or binding displayed. Required attendance on the part of the classes also necessarily brings groups of men to the library; it is the individual interested, however, who either stays after the class is over or returns in order to go on with the subject or to see something else suggested to him during the hour.

Among the exhibitions arranged were those which traced the historical development of modern fine printing displayed in examples from the presses of Baskerville's time to the work of Bruce Rogers; one of early maps including a portolano, Waldseemüller's map of the world for the 1513 Ptolemy, those relating to New France associated with the work of Champlain and Lescarbot, and John Speede's "The Kingdome of

Great Britaine and Ireiland." 1610 Speede, it will be remembered by some, was a tailor who turned to mapmaking as a recreation.



In the Streets of Nanking.

From a Drawing by C. Le Roy Baldrige for "Turn to the East." (Minton, Balch & Co.)

DES MOINES

IOWA

NOV 13 1926

The Negro In Literature To Be Discussed

Frank Luther Mott, associate professor of English at the University of Iowa, will deliver an address on "The New Negro in Literature" to the Woman's Club at Hoyt Sherman Place at 11:30 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Mr. Mott's name is among the list of authors of fall books with "Rewards of Reading," to which The Capital called attention in an editorial for October 16. The book was designated as "a tourist's guide to pleasure resorts in the land of books."

As a writer of short stories, essayist, and active research worker in Iowa history, Mr. Mott's work has been included in publications of widely differing nature. One of his short stories, "The Man With the Good Face," which first appeared in "The Midland," has since been honored by inclusion in three collections. His research work has included an investigation of the origin, meaning, and various pronunciations of the word "Iowa," and a study of the literature of pioneer life in Iowa.

Mr. Mott was formerly a resident of Des Moines, which is the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David C. Mott, 628 37th street. Mr. Mott, senior, is assistant editor of "The Annals of Iowa," published by the state historical department.